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EDITORIAL

SEISMIC CHANGES

The United States has finally opened a diplomatic dialogue with the Palestine Liberation Organization, in the wake of Yasir Arafat's momentous December 13 speech in Geneva. In Soviet Armenia, the U.S. aid to earthquake victims suddenly seems altogether natural, as if American and Soviet soldiers were embracing at the Elbe River in April 1945 at the end of their common struggle against Nazism—a struggle that produced not the peaceful world then predicted but the bitter, frequently suicidal cold war.

George Bush is taking office at a time when forty years of history seem to be melting away. Soviet troops will leave Afghanistan on February 15, the warring parties in Namibia have just reached a peace settlement (see Gwen Lister and Mark Verbaan on page 18) and the *contras* are barely a blip on the political radar screen. The Israelis are not happy about the U.S.-P.L.O. connection, but they cannot ignore it, and peace in the Middle East is closer as a result.

In particular, Mikhail Gorbachev's visit to New York City and the cataclysm in Armenia have combined to pierce dramatically the accumulated crust of cold war habit and suspicion. *Glasnost*, *perestroika* and his conciliatory speech at the United Nations created the psychological climate that enabled the United States to offer, and his government to accept, U.S. aid for the first time in four decades. With tragic but pointed timing, nature illustrated the Soviet leader's U.N. text: The real enemy isn't the Red Menace but the common enemies of disaster, disease, pollution and hunger.

The spontaneous upwelling of sympathy and aid for the Armenians reminds us that hatred and fear can be overcome as motivating forces in relations between peoples. Maybe this year the idea of hope for peace is more than a Christmas cliché.

ARAFAT'S SPEECH
Alexander Cockburn

WAITING IN AFGHANISTAN
Steven R. Galster

BIG BUCKS AT HARVARD
Jon Wiener

GAYS IN THE MILITARY
Gary L. Atkins

NAMIBIAN PEACE?
Gwen Lister and Mark Verbaan

'MISSISSIPPI BURNING'
Stuart Klawans

REJOYCE! REJOYCE!

ST. NICHOLAS: A TEXTUAL SCANDAL

Still groggy from five months of letters disputing the merits of the revised text of James Joyce's Ulysses, *readers of* The New York Review of Books *will face an even nastier confrontation in the periodical's next issue. Judging from the heatedness of the initial exchange, advance copies of which were obtained by* The Nation, *this one could go on till next Christmas. The* casus belli *was the publication of* "A Visit From St. Nicholas": A New Definitive Synoptic Corrected Edition Collated From Original and Collateral Sources *(Kansas Institute of Mining and Science Press, $450), edited by Dr. Hartvig Ludendorff of the Spielvogel Archives. The letter opening the assault on the Ludendorff version came from Dr. Sebastian Ramsforth. We reprint a condensed version of it below.* —*The Editors*

THE ST. NICK SCANDAL

When Clement C. Moore LL.D. died in 1863, he must have known that he would be remembered not for his pedagogy at the Protestant Episcopal Seminary in New York City, or for his scholarship in compiling the monumental *Hebrew and English Lexicon*, but for the poem popularly known as "'Twas the Night Before Christmas." As if this ironic jape of fate were not enough, we now have an alleged "corrected edition" cobbled together by textual editor Dr. Hartvig Ludendorff and his band of right jolly elves at the Spielvogel Archives in Bad Moutheim, West Germany.

Scholars only recently cracked the code of Dr. Moore's "Visit," unlocking a hidden subtext that reveals the poem to be a profound evocation of the dark night of the soul.

(*Continued on Page 21*)

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LETTERS.

NOT AS EASY AS A.B.C.

Hamilton, N.Y.

Although Nancy Folbre and Heidi Hartmann ["A New Politics of Entitlement," Oct. 3] write that "all parents should receive some remuneration for the socially necessary work of rearing children," their statements about non-wage-earning married mothers contradict any such commitment. They claim that "married homemakers, who pay neither individual income nor Social Security taxes, receive about the same social and retirement benefits as their wage-earning, tax-paying counterparts," and that the Act for Better Child Care Services (A.B.C.) bill "would help redress this imbalance." Their implication that mothers who earn no wages are less deserving of tax, child care or retirement benefits precisely contradicts any notion that raising children is socially necessary work.

Folbre and Hartmann do admit that the bill's restriction of child care subsidies to families in which both parents hold paying jobs is a legitimate concern. So why don't they explain why the coalition of forces that created the A.B.C. bill ignored this weakness so easily exploited by the Phyllis Schlafly and George Bush "holy motherhood" faction?

Why do feminists continue to make the mistake of ignoring—or worse, condemning—women who stay home with their children? Stay-at-home mothers, married or not, work seven-day weeks; they do not even have the lunch hours most wage-earners enjoy. Non-wage-earning mothers, married or not, pay no individual taxes because they earn no income. Is this an argument for denying them child care support?

Elizabeth Lewis

FOLBRE AND HARTMANN REPLY

Washington

Elizabeth Lewis has a point. Child care assistance for some members of society and not others is inherently unequal. Personally, we would prefer to see publicly supported child care made universally available to all children. We think enthusiasm for a child care bill would be greater for an effort that is even more far-reaching than the A.B.C. bill. And we agree with Lewis that A.B.C.'s limitation to wage-working parents has created an opening for the Schlafly types to exploit.

We tried to argue, however, that liberals and progressives should support the A.B.C. bill for the good that it does and should not buy most of Schlafly's arguments. In our view, conservatives don't really want to help families with child care. They know what they propose is simply too expensive to be enacted, but they hope their proposals will derail a modest, deserving alternative.

We most certainly do not think at-home mothers are less deserving of child care support, retirement or tax benefits. We simply argue that the *current* system of income taxation and social security benefits *already favors* the family with an at-home mother over the dual-earning couple. Dual-earning couples generally face higher income tax payments given equal per capita incomes; and they generally get back less per dollar paid into Social Security. It is true, however, that with respect to social security the at-home mother will not realize retirement benefits unless she remains married at least ten years because, at present, she does not earn these benefits in her own right, but only as the wife of her husband. This is an injustice we also think deserves redress.

However, if the A.B.C. bill, priced at $2.5 billion, also gave assistance to at-home mothers, a smaller portion of the money would be available for wage-earning women—the very women whom we believe are already discriminated against in public policy. Also, as we tried to point out, a major goal of the bill is to affect the structure of the child care market, to encourage providers to become licensed and acquire training and to facilitate the development of information networks.

If one believes that the current market in child care is seriously inadequate, as we do, then devoting this $2.5 billion to improving that market is, on the whole, good public policy.

Nancy Folbre
Heidi Hartmann

THE WAR IS NOT OVER

Washington

Alan Pell Crawford's article "The P.O.W./M.I.A. Rescue Hustle" [Oct. 31] is commendable for its exposure of those who are exploiting the issue; however, it does a disservice to those of us who have worked diligently, seriously and with facts to obtain answers about 2,387 Americans still missing, held prisoner or unaccounted for as a result of the Vietnam War. Crawford cited *outdated* statistics and *former* U.S. government officials, and he failed to point out that Hanoi has the ability to clarify the issue of whether Americans are still held prisoner.

Having been part of every U.S. policy-level delegation to Vietnam since 1982, I can attest to the effort being made to obtain Vietnam's cooperation to account for Americans known to have been alive and in captivity, but who have not yet returned. Such discrepancy cases were among the over 200 provided to the Vietnamese in August 1987 by retired Gen. John W. Vessey, the President's special P.O.W./M.I.A. emissary to Hanoi.

When articles are written to expose unscrupulous activities surrounding the P.O.W./M.I.A. issue, a phenomenon which predictably developed as the priority and visibility of the issue heightened, care must be taken not to write off the serious facts. A genuine issue exists, and only Hanoi is in a position to provide the answers necessary to resolve it.

Ann Mills Griffiths

CRAWFORD REPLIES

Washington

While Ann Mills Griffiths seems to have a quarrel with me, I'd like very much to point out that I have no quarrel with her. I agree with almost everything she says—except, perhaps, that an article exposing those who are exploiting the P.O.W./M.I.A. issue somehow does a disservice to those who are *not* exploiting it. If I were to write an article about groups that are, as Griffiths says, working "diligently, seriously and with facts" to resolve the issue, I would certainly put hers (the National League of Families of American Prisoners and Missing in Southeast Asia) up there at the top of the list. Of course, the numbers change—and such changes as occur only support my thesis: Month after month, more bodies are identified, leaving fewer and fewer (if any) prisoners to rescue, as Griffiths well knows.

Alan Pell Crawford

DIAMOND'S DECEIT?

New York City

I was delighted by your front page editorial of October 31 ["Hidden Issue: A.C.L.U. vs. C.I.A."], which identified the core issue precisely: the mentality of one presidential candidate's C.I.A. vs. the mentality of the other candidate's A.C.L.U. Disinformation opposed to revelation, manipulation of the democratic process versus protection of the process, ends not allowed to justify means—that ought indeed to have been the focus of the campaign, and no one has said it better than you.

How ironic, then, to turn a couple of pages and read Stanley Diamond's editorial ["Reversing Brawley"] on the Tawana Brawley case. "In cultural perspective, if not in fact, it doesn't matter whether the crime occurred or not," he writes, indicating that we ought to "excuse the Brawley deceit" because it "cannot be measured by legal canons." Perverting justice, assembling political pressure groups through disinformation, assassinating the reputations of innocent individuals with lurid and concocted accusations—O.K., as long as it's your "friends" doing it. One can see where Diamond has staked *his* ground: with the mentality of the C.I.A. But does *The Nation* go along?

Jonathan Kwitney

DIAMOND REPLIES

New York City

I must confess: It is my C.I.A. mentality that has always enabled me to be a partisan of those who have been oppressed both within and outside the law.

Stanley Diamond

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EDITORIALS.

Tabloid Reality

Ever since the trial of Socrates in fourth-century B.C. Athens for subverting what George Bush would call "values," courtroom proceedings have provided catharsis, moral instruction and entertainment for a passive public. "Trials of the century" seem to come along every few years: In the memory of many still living, the cases of Sacco and Vanzetti, John Scopes, the Scottsboro Boys, Bruno Hauptmann, the Rosenbergs and Alger Hiss vie for pride of place at the top of the all-time chart. The 1960s gave Americans, among other things, a string of absolutely first-rate political trials, many of which assumed the character of guerrilla theater: Angela Davis, the Soledad Brothers (featuring George Jackson in subsequent solo roles), the New York Panther 21, the New Haven Panthers (starring Bobby Seale and Erika Huggins), the Boston Five (antidraft advocates), the Chicago Seven (or Eight), the Catonsville Nine and much, much more.

Those celebrated trials were mainly about politics, broadly speaking, or about mystery. The legitimacy of the left, the validity of rebellion, the role of religion and the authority of the state were on trial. In the cases of Sacco and Vanzetti, the Scottsboro Boys, Hauptmann, Hiss and the Rosenbergs, the trials—which live on at least partly because of suspected injustice—were also exercises in discovery, in ascertaining the truth, or a consensual version of it, amid wildly contradic-

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tory accounts of the circumstances. In other words, Who dunnit? It says something about the times in which the trials took place that the defendants on the pre-1960s list were all found guilty (and many were executed by the state), while an extraordinary number of the later ones were acquitted. Following the political earthquake of the 1960s came the judicial aftershock of the 1970s: the trials of Watergate, in which the conspirators were prosecuted and all found guilty.

Now another generation has come to trial, but the celebrated cases of this decade have a decidedly different meaning and new public function. The prosecution of Joel Steinberg for the murder of his illegally adopted daughter, Lisa, is the latest in a spectacular series that began with the trial of Jean Harris and continued through John Hinckley, Bernhard Goetz, the fight for Baby M, the Howard Beach gang, Bess Meyerson, and that trial-that-wasn't, the Tawana Brawley episode. These cases were about sex, gender, race and madness—sometimes all together, packaged by the media in extremely personal terms, as if to deny the dictum of the 1960s that personal problems are also political issues. There was no real mystery to be resolved in any of them, and neither did they spring from political urges. Hinckley was no Sacco or Vanzetti; Goetz was not simply a negative of Angela Davis. Baby M's father and adoptive mother, William and Elizabeth Stern, took a baby from its mother but they bore no resemblance to Hauptmann, the kidnapper of the Lindbergh child. The whites who beat and chased a black man to his death in Howard Beach, Queens, were not mirror images of the Scottsboro Boys.

The defendants (and attendant personnel) are now given the roles of lone gunmen, psycho killers, anomalous punks, fools for love or women on the verge of a nervous breakdown. Their individual responsibility is at issue, not the larger social forces that give rise to the acts with which they are charged. On occasion, organized groups or commentators with a radical sense of the complexity of social behavior have tried to insert some analysis into the spectacle that attends such trials. Feminists prepared and signed a letter supporting Baby M's biological mother. Antiracist organizations protested against Goetz and the Howard Beach punks. Recently, some women have been trying to make the case that Hedda Nussbaum, Joel Steinberg's brutally abused and pathologically dependent lover, is a living metaphor for millions in less dramatic, psychologically similar conditions. But in these cases spectacle tends to defeat analysis, and the morality of the circus overwhelms the sociological imagination.

Conflicts of identity may be sublimated by the judicial process and presented as spectacles precisely because the political structure cannot mediate them. Prosecution and defense, press and public are all complicit in the reduction of social issues to personal tragedies. And the more tragic the circumstance, the more distant it becomes from most people's lives. Women who see the pathetic, semirobotic Nussbaum chronicle her savage existence for the TV cameras may or may not think, "There but for the grace of God go I," but they rarely sense that far more banal relationships also entail dependencies that may wound and limit lives. And men who see Joel Steinberg curl his lips and beetle his brows on the evening news seldom understand that he represents an extreme version of the violent and manipulative personality that has its origins in social as well as individual conditions. For all its postmodernity, television affects a Victorian attitude toward behavior. It equates explanation with justification, and since evil cannot be justified, it must not be explained.

The trials of this generation have a tabloid reality, like the lurid layouts in checkout-counter magazines and the new trash TV series. It is increasingly difficult to tell whether the program pre-empted by the Steinberg trial is the soap opera, or vice versa. Trials are not only mediated, they are media: They are true fictions that convey false truths about our lives and our worlds. In other words, they are docudramas staged by the state and run by the networks and the press for purposes of ideological instruction and social control. At last, there is a perfect marriage of show and trial.

A Big Wet Kiss

East is not merely meeting West these days, it is panting like a lusty lover. One object of all the ardor pulsating across the Iron Curtain is the Iron Lady, British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher. Here, for example, is Poland's Gen. Wojciech Jaruzelski on the subject: "We are full of admiration for Mrs. Thatcher, for the reason that she has pursued such a consistent and aggressive economic policy." This rapture was fully shared by Poland's Prime Minister, Mieczyslaw Rakowski, who said he would "very much like to be a pupil in [Thatcher's] school." To complete an unlikely *ménage à quatre*, Solidarity's Lech Walesa said, after thousands cheered Maggie in Gdansk, that he was "very grateful that fate let me get to know such a fantastic Mrs. Prime Minister."

"Hungary's PM Sets Off Down Thatcher Path" was the headline in the *Financial Times* when Karoly Grosz allowed that Thatcher's restructuring of the British economy was of "outstanding significance" and expressed the hope that she would remain in office another ten years. In November, *Pravda* and *Sotsialisticheskaya Industriya* demonstrated a like passion. Both Soviet publications had harsh words for England's big, bad trade unions and praised Thatcher for shaking her nation out of its torpor. *Pravda* even saluted her for admonishing laggards that "you only get free cheese in mousetraps," a remark few Britons recalled her making.

The East's fevered romance with the West also blossoms without specific love objects. Sandor Demjan, chair of the Hungarian Credit Bank, observed last summer that "Marx would have been satisfied with modern-day Sweden, he would accept that as socialism. In fact, I think he would accept the United States." Boris Gostev, the Soviet Finance Minister, says, "As Keynes said, there's no more destructive power than excessive wages."

In *The Thinking Reed*, a book about *perestroika* and Russian history, Boris Kagarlitsky reports that Soviet

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bureaucrats "are not hostile to the West—indeed, they idealize it. . . . Sometimes they frankly admit that they might prefer to be managing directors of concerns or deputies of some right-wing party in the West rather than members of the CPSU."

Workers of the world unite, you have nothing to lose but your bonds!

Spitting Distance

An era may be ending in U.S.-Latin American relations. It arguably began three decades ago, when Vice President Richard Nixon traveled to Venezuela and they spat on him. It was May 1958. Fidel Castro was still up in the mountains; Augusto Pinochet was an obscure teacher of geopolitical theory; Marcos Pérez Jiménez, the last general to rule Venezuela, had just been granted asylum in Miami though he was wanted for murder in Caracas—which was one reason the students rained their saliva on Nixon.

Thirty years later, the continent seethes with signs of change: the rejection by formal ballot of a dictatorship in Chile; a left/populist seizure of Brazil's major cities; another barracks uprising against the centrist government of Argentina. December brought the return to power of a Social Democratic President in Venezuela, Carlos Andrés Pérez, and the inauguration, in chaotic circumstances, of Carlos Salinas de Gortari in Mexico.

Pérez and Salinas are possible candidates to lead a coherent new diplomatic thrust in Latin America, especially if oil prices rise again. A regional mood of distress, provoked initially by the Reagan Administration's morbid fascination with Nicaragua, came to a head in an unprecedented eight-nation meeting in Acapulco, Mexico, in November 1987. The "Group of Eight" shut out the United States and proposed that Cuba be readmitted to Washington's old ministry of colonies, the Organization of American States. The presidents of Argentina, Brazil, Peru, Uruguay, Mexico, Venezuela and Colombia got together again in October in the Uruguayan resort of Punta del Este. (Panama had been suspended from the group in the interim for dumping its elected president.) For the first time, they raised the prospect of a common approach to renegotiating their debt—if not a debtors' cartel.

Latin America's foreign debt now stands at well over $400 billion. Brazil and Mexico account for more than half the total ($121 billion and $101 billion, respectively). Those loans will never be repaid, as the lending banks know but refuse to admit. The Reagan years brought two protracted attempts to stave off reality, both of which are now at a predictable dead end. Since 1982 the larger Latin American economies have put in place International Monetary Fund–mandated austerity programs. Six years of reassuring abstractions like "structural adjustment" and "current account deficit reduction" have made no impact on the debt burden but instead have had the lethal effect of stifling real income growth and leaving millions of Latin American poor to carry the can for the folly of generals and bankers.

The so-called Baker Plan, named after the U.S. Secretary of State–designate, responded to the crisis in 1985 with a hapless and heartless case-by-case approach to debt that prodded governments toward the magic of the marketplace and then "rewarded" them for the privatization of their economies with more loans and repayment postponements. Now, however, there is "a broad consensus that there is no possibility of development in our countries without a reduction of the debt." That was how Mailson Ferreira da Nóbrega, Brazil's Foreign Minister, put it in Punta del Este in October, and he is hardly the most progressive representative of the Group of Eight.

Salinas's inauguration on December 1 was a chance to see which way the continent would go next. He offered his skeptical audience two tokens of Mexican leadership abroad: a new radicalism on the debt and a fresh initiative to reconvene the Central America peace process. The gathering of notables—from Fidel Castro to George Shultz—may have marked the official end of the *contra* era. That, at least, seemed to be the message behind the richly deserved diplomatic finger lifted at the departing back of Elliott Abrams.

History, in some senses, has the incoming Bush Administration over a barrel. The main effect of the remarkable insurgent campaign waged in Mexico last summer by Cuauhtemoc Cárdenas's National Democratic Front has been to force the rickety machine of Salinas's Institutional Revolutionary Party, the PRI, to look leftward—at least rhetorically—for its survival. And the United States, horrified at the unraveling of the Mexican system, has had little choice but to play along—as it demonstrated by granting Mexico an extraordinary $3.5 billion loan on October 17.

There's a downside of course. Latin America is not about to sail united into a sunlit future of hemispheric solidarity and independence. U.S. favoritism toward Mexico tends to undermine regional unity; several members of the Group of Eight, like Peru, Colombia and Brazil, are political basket cases, in no position to exercise leadership; and the lurking threat from unrepentant armies is underscored by the third military rebellion in a year against Raul Alfonsín's government in Argentina, this one led by a messianic anti-Semite, Col. Mohammed Ali Seineldin.

But behind the chaos and the debt and the diplomatic démarches may lie the real Latin American story of the 1990s. That is the rippling wave of a new social insurgency, astonishingly multifaceted in its forms and ingenious in its tactics. It has little in common with the guerrilla movements of the past generation. Instead, it tends to find expression in radical/populist coalitions with a powerful barrio-level presence. The Cárdenas phenomenon, with its alliances of slum-dwellers and seamstresses, antinuclear activists and earthquake survivors, is one example. Brazil, where the left scored stunning successes in the November 15 local elections (seizing control of both São Paulo and Rio de Janeiro), provides another. And Chile, where the Commando for the No mobilized millions of anti-Pinochet voters, offers a third model. Together, these movements signify a sea change in the continent's affairs.

GEORGE BLACK

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BEAT THE DEVIL.

Rules and Games

A couple of weeks ago Mikhail Gorbachev challenged the political cartography of the postwar world and threw into question the enabling premise of military Keynesianism that has fueled NATO economies for the past forty years. Now, in Geneva, axioms governing the politics of the Middle East for the past twenty have been similarly perturbed by P.L.O. chairman Yasir Arafat's speech and subsequent remarks, and by the consequent agreement of the U.S. government to hold talks with the P.L.O.

The first instinct of the U.S. press was to extoll the judicious inflexibility of Reagan and Shultz in holding Arafat's feet to the fire until he deployed language that the State Department could pronounce to be sufficiently purged of "ambiguity." In fact the U.S. posture was increasingly coming under international pressure, to a degree almost certainly disturbing to the President-elect. The P.L.O. was under fierce pressure from the Soviet Union and Saudi Arabia. The ritual became one of public demonstration of P.L.O. compliance with the agenda laid out by the United States and brokered by the Swedish government with participation of an American Jewish delegation. Whatever one's revulsion at the hypocrisy, entirely unremarked by the press, of Shultz's lecturing anyone about terrorism, one must still feel jubilation at a political coup greeted with such fury and panic in Jerusalem.

As with NATO, Israel's diplomacy, *raisons d'état* and economic stability have been premised on war or the threat of it and on Israel's ability to persuade the U.S. audience of the reality of Arab and P.L.O. "intransigence." The bluff would have been called here long ago in a less corrupted political environment. An augury of the changed situation can be found in U.S. ambassador to the U.N. Vernon Walters's language at the Geneva session, obscured or omitted by the major papers though front-paged in the *San Jose Mercury News*: "Israel must face up to the need for withdrawal from occupied territories and to the need to accommodate legitimate Palestinian political rights."

Israel's nightmare has come to pass: a pacific P.L.O. extending recognition and now on the verge of discussions with a new U.S. Administration potentially less compliant to Israeli designs than any since Eisenhower's. What will Israel's response be? Plainly, to seek a return to the *status quo ante*, whether by assassination of Arafat and his associates, or by increased terror in South Lebanon, or by intensification of the savagery of its repression in the West Bank and Gaza, hoping to elicit a response it can then denounce as giving the lie to Arafat's renunciation of terrorism. As discussed below, this renunciation is being taken as negating any right of an occupied people—the Palestinians—to resist an invader.

In this context it was scarcely encouraging that on the same day that Shultz made his announcement about opening talks with the P.L.O. the United States vetoed a Security Council resolution that would have condemned Israel's recent sortie into southern Lebanon, thus demonstrating America's insouciance toward state terror practiced by an ally.

"I have signed my death warrant," said Michael Collins as he rose from the negotiating table having agreed to the treaty accepting partition and ceding the six counties of Northern Ireland to Britain. What of Arafat? The enemies of Palestinian self-determination now hope for the démarche in Algiers, Stockholm and Geneva to end in the internal destruction of the P.L.O. as a secular radical force and the substitution of Islamic rejectionists with whom Israel would be happy. The friends of Palestinian self-determination ask themselves with mixed emotions, How much has been surrendered, and for what? Was the price too cheap?

But there was no alternative and the history of where the road from Geneva will lead has yet to be written. The people who inscribed the beginnings of this new chapter were the Palestinians of the West Bank and Gaza who rose a year ago. With their challenge began the reaction stretching from Amman via Algiers to Geneva. It is surely not too much to ask that a solidarity movement expand in this country to insure that the courage of the *intifada* is not betrayed by the indifference of a people whose previous acquiescence in injustice has been the enabling premise of Israeli strategy over the past generation.

The Discourse of the Dumb

In the days leading up to Geneva and immediately after Arafat's speech there, it became a considerable mental exercise to imagine what the chairman would have to say to earn the editorial approval of *The New York Times*. Its idea of a bold leap appeared to be for him to convert to Judaism, forswearing all Palestinian claims to statehood and self-determination. Even then he would probably be reproached for a conversion under the supervision of a Reform rabbi, thus "offending the sensibilities of those very religious parties in Israel to whom Mr. Arafat, if he is sincere, should be extending the hand of reassurance."

Even before the Geneva meeting the papers and TV in Europe, where I've just spent a couple of weeks, seemed to think that something pretty significant had happened in Algiers and then in Stockholm. The pile of news clips awaiting me on return to the United States bore all the usual signs of dementia. Two particular issues preoccupied the platoons of editorial and column writers mustered to insure that, in this instance, *Times* readers were not about to construe developments in Algiers and Stockholm as unduly positive or requiring a constructive U.S. or Israeli response. The first was the P.N.C.'s endorsement of 242 along with other U.N. resolutions relevant to Palestinian national aspirations. This action is frequently denounced as a particularly sinister portent of P.L.O. knavery.

But it is sinister only if you take as your datum the view that Palestinians have no rights, among such non-rights being the non-right to invoke the legitimacy of the United Nations as expressed in votes by its assembled member nations. Thus the P.L.O. is required to endorse only those resolutions

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that suit the book of Israel and the United States. This brings me to the second issue that vexes *Times* people, namely that Arafat and the P.N.C. have somehow been ambiguous in rejecting terrorism. On December 1, Anthony Lewis raised last winter's bomb attack on the civilian bus near Dimona as illustration of what he suggested is the P.N.C.'s disingenuous posture: rejection of terrorism but assertion of the right of peoples to resist foreign occupation, colonialism and racial discrimination and to struggle for independence. The endorsement of a people's right to resistance he read as an O.K. for attacks on Israeli civilians, preferring to forget Arafat's condemnation of the preelection firebombing of a bus which killed a woman and her three children. Lewis then said, "The P.L.O. must unambiguously renounce all terrorism before it can take part in negotiations."

Here we get back to Palestinian non-rights and the prerogative of the United States to assert for itself and for Israel rights accorded no other nation in the world. When the P.N.C. or the P.L.O. or Arafat, or anyone for that matter, says that the Palestinians condemn terrorism but retain the right to struggle for self-determination, they are affirming a proposition accepted in 1987 at the United Nations by a vote of 153 to 2, with one abstention (Honduras). This is the definitive U.N. resolution against terrorism, and the two opposing votes were cast by the United States and Israel. So in hammering at the P.L.O. to renounce terrorism even as such renunciation had already been made, the United States and every mainstream columnist I can think of, including Lewis, deemed by many to be the Hébert of our time, was in fact demanding that the Palestinians abandon the right, vouchsafed by virtually the entire community of nations, of a people to fight for freedom and independence.

An earlier *Times* editorial had called this same contemptible desire by Palestinians to retain a right endorsed by every nation in the world, bar two, "the old Arafat hedge." I see now why the old buzzard is no assiduous fan of the razor. After reading a couple of weeks' worth of the sort of stuff quoted above, my hands were shaking so badly I had to sit on them. Try shaving under those conditions.

Exploding Dogs

Amid the charitable supplies pouring into stricken Armenia are some dogs supplied by Israel. They are trained to detect people trapped in the ruins. Don't be surprised if these dogs, Belgian shepherds, try to defect. Only a couple of days earlier five of their canine comrades lost their lives in southern Lebanon, in a mission scarcely merciful.

Most U.S. accounts of the Israeli raid ending December 9 on a well-fortified position held by Ahmed Jibril's Syrian-backed Popular Front omitted mention of the canine command. The London *Daily Telegraph* for December 10 carried a dispatch from its Jerusalem correspondent, Patrick Bishop, headlined "Israelis 'use gas-carrying' dogs in raid on guerrillas," with a photograph of a dead dog with backpack being viewed by a couple of Druze militiamen.

It seems that Bishop didn't realize at first what the heart of his story was; the dog theme cropped up only in paragraph four, at which point *The Telegraph*'s foreign desk sat up, took notice and began calling Bishop for more.

According to Bishop, the Israelis were said to have sent dogs carrying tear gas and explosives to enter tunnels used by Jibril's men, and at the appropriate moment—so he quotes one of Jibril's aides as saying—a remote-control device would trigger the release of the gas, or the detonation of the explosives. Five dogs died in action, most from gunfire. Andrew Whitley, Jerusalem correspondent of the *Financial Times* of London, says that one or two of the furry commandos may have eluded this withering fusillade and neared the target, since one tunnel entrance was damaged.

The dog squad was the talk of journalists in Jerusalem over the weekend. Whitley says, "There is no doubt that dogs were used." The I.D.F. refused to comment. Bishop identified the dogs as Doberman pinschers, but the *Telegraph* picture shows the fallen hound to have the bulkier snout and more substantial musculature of the Belgian shepherd. A photo caption in *The Jerusalem Post* confirms this. Whitley added that Arabs aren't terribly fond of dogs, whereas Israelis like them and regard purebreds as desirable status symbols. This sounds a bit Orientalist to me.

The Dogs of War

The use of animals in warfare as actual instruments of destruction, albeit unwitting, is fairly rare. But in fact and fantasy the accounts of same are instructive about the imperial and colonial imagination. There is a wartime story about SS men being ordered, as a final rite de passage, to murder with their bare hands the dogs that had been training with them. The North Vietnamese, at least according to Jane Fonda (Fonda I, as opposed to subsequent editions), used bees. And by the weekend Israelis were saying that the Hezbollah had been known to use bomb-laden donkeys.

It was the Spaniards, though, in their conquest of the Americas, who appear to have made the most systematic use of dogs as offensive weapons. Mastiffs and greyhounds would be put through their drills at an academy or "finishing school" in Cuba. There, according to Jeannette Johnson Varner, who with her late husband, John Grier, wrote *Dogs of the Conquest*, the hounds would be presented with mannequins dressed as Indians and smeared with Indian blood. Once trained, the dogs would precede the army into battle. Cloaked in chain mail surplices, they would pace forward, held fast by their handlers, yapping and growling until the order was given for them to be unleashed upon the Indians. From the Caribbean to the west coast of South America down to Peru, and then up through Central America and into Mexico, the Varners found evidence of these canine janissaries. As the land and the local populations were subdued, the dogs' duties shifted from attack on indigenous warriors to pursuit of runaway slaves.

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BELTWAY BANDITS.

DAVID CORN AND JEFFERSON MORLEY

■ Pickering's Plight and Shultz's 'Contempt'

The nomination of Thomas Pickering as U.S. ambassador to the United Nations lends a grim irony to the affair of Arafat's visa. The major media solemnly reported that Secretary of State George Shultz denied the visa to the P.L.O. leader because of Shultz's "personal disgust for terrorism." Tell that to Tom Pickering.

In the spring of 1984, Pickering, then U.S. Ambassador to El Salvador, was the target of a murder plot by Roberto d'Aubuisson and associates. The d'Aubuisson crowd was angered (not unjustly) because while the United States was trumpeting free elections in El Salvador, the C.I.A. was pouring money into the campaign of rival candidate José Napoleón Duarte. When the assassination plot was uncovered in May 1984, the White House sent special envoy (now U.N. ambassador) Vernon Walters to slap d'Aubuisson's wrist.

That same month a bomb blew up while in the possession of a close associate of d'Aubuisson. The injured would-be terrorist obtained medical treatment in Texas—on a visa provided by George Shultz's State Department. Two weeks later Shultz personally approved a visa for d'Aubuisson, a man whom the State Department in 1981 described as being a death squad leader. While d'Aubuisson was in Washington, Pickering was still traveling under heavy guard because of the death threats. Ever the diplomat, Pickering never called attention to Shultz's actions. He has now been rewarded for his loyalty.

■ Will Dan Disown Dad?

Dan Quayle's pop, James C., lives in the addled world of raving anti-Semites and right-wing paranoiacs. A millionaire and fan of the John Birch Society, the senior Quayle recently had a letter printed in a monthly periodical called *The National Educator*. "Thank you so much for the one-year subscription. . . . I am sure I will enjoy the publication," he said. It will be telling if he does. *The National Educator* is a bizarre rag. In October the magazine observed that the Democrats have been "firmly committed to the Moscow wing of the Communist Party since 1933" and the Republicans "firmly committed to the Trotskyite wing of the Communist Party, headquartered in Tel Aviv." Don't ask for an explanation of where young Quayle fits in.

The National Educator reserves special passion for the subject of the Jews. One recent article reported, "Americans are despised all over the world because we have come in as conquerors to impose . . . the Jewish goals of universal slavery on the rest of the world." It continued: "No nation can predict when we will hurl atomic weapons at them to satisfy the Jewish blood lust and desire for more sacrificial victims. The hundred million victims of the Jews during World War II . . . only whetted their appetites. They want one billion victims in the next wars."

■ The 38 Percent Solution

The essential question of deficit politics is, Who will foot the bill? At a recent conference on deficit reduction held for progressives, Robert McIntyre, director of the Citizens for Tax Justice, laid out the fundamental choice: "We can curb consumption of ordinary folks, or we can curb the conspicuous consumption of the super-rich." The fastest and simplest way to cut the deficit, he notes, would be to raise the marginal tax rate on the wealthy from 28 to 38 percent: "It would raise $30 billion and affect one percent of the population."

Both House Speaker Jim Wright and the new Senate majority leader, George Mitchell, have said at different times they support the idea of boosting the top rate. But will Democratic leaders, in their upcoming budget talks with the Bush Administration, make such a proposal? McIntyre predicts the Democrats will eventually put the 38 percent top rate on the table. Representative Lane Evans, a populist Democrat, isn't so hopeful: "I don't think they will put any [income] tax increase into play this year." In other words, don't read their lips.

■ Out of Afghanistan

Here's one faint indicator of the global winds of change. Andrew Eiva, the head of the Federation for American Afghan Action, is changing jobs. After being one of the more vocal advocates for the Afghan resistance in this town (and a persistent questioner of the efficiency and integrity of the C.I.A.'s covert arms supplies to the rebels), Eiva is shutting down F.A.A.A. Now that the Russians are on their way out of Afghanistan, he is moving on to the Supreme Council for the Liberation of Lithuania, a forty-five-year-old organization that agitates for Lithuanian independence. His move is a shrewd one. As he says, the restless nationalities beat is the "newest growth industry" for conservatives.

■ Up in ARMs

The falling dollar is a reminder that the suburbs of America are mined with an explosive threat to the Bush Administration: the adjustable-rate mortgage (ARM). If you hold an ARM, rising interest rates translate directly into higher house payments. If the dollar continues to fall, interest rates are likely to go up in order to lure back foreign capital to finance the deficit. If interest rates rise three points (which happened in 1978), the owner of a house with a thirty-year $100,000 ARM now at 10 percent will have to pay $229 more per month.

ARMs are popular with home buyers willing to gamble that the business cycle no longer exists. ARMs are a wager that interest rates will decline in the long run. If interest rates rise, you lose the bet. ARMs have accounted for up to 60 percent (and never less than 20 percent) of new home loans in every month since April of 1980, when the Federal Home Loan Bank Board started keeping ARM statistics. The next recession will be especially painful for young baby-boomers who bet their life savings on the permanence of Reagan's so-called recovery.

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ARTICLES.

WAITING IN AFGHANISTAN

What Will Follow The Pullout?

STEVEN R. GALSTER

Kabul

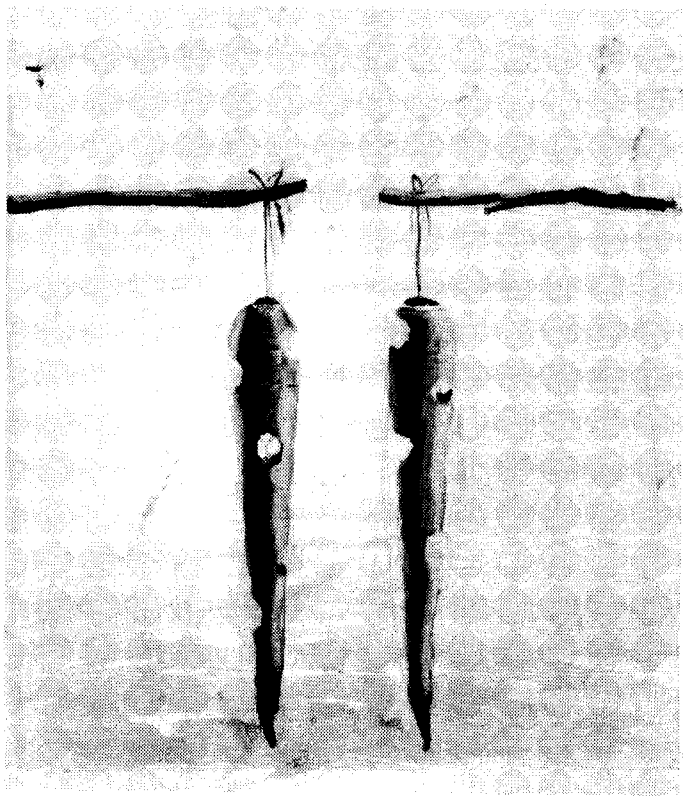
Contrary to the view of American officials and the *CBS Evening News*, the Afghan government does not look like a house of cards set to fall to the U.S.-supported mujahedeen rebels upon the departure of the last Soviet soldier on February 15. Nor, however, does it appear likely that the People's Democratic Party of Afghanistan, the leading party of the government, will maintain a significant hold on power as a result of ongoing negotiations between the Soviet government and the rebels. Since most rebel groups, sitting on stockpiles of C.I.A.-purchased weapons, are likely to continue their *jihad* regardless of the outcome of the Soviet-mujahedeen talks, a more likely scenario seems to be a protracted civil war, with the winner achieving anything but a neat and glorious victory.

A week here in Kabul and several days in rural war zones forced me to question some basic assumptions about this civil war. Despite Soviet denials, for example, Kabul is very vulnerable to rebel harassment. Every night from my hotel balcony, I could see rockets streaming into the city, most headed for the airport, others, appearing to be significantly off course, landing in residential areas. But to infer, as the State Department and Dan Rather do, that this is causing widespread panic in the capital seems sensationalistic. For now, life for most of the 2.2 million Kabulites goes on as usual. The bazaars are as vibrant as ever, full of Afghans in both modern and traditional dress who have acclimated to the war. Those concerned about rebel attacks are those who have come too close to rockets for comfort, and they are more angry than worried. There are some shortages, as evidenced by lines for gasoline and bread, but this has not led to general unrest. In fact, many seem to be profiting from the war. The black market, with goods from Japan, India, the Soviet Union and elsewhere, is thriving. Millions of dollars, West German marks and other hard currencies are traded every week in the informal market in an alley off Chicken Street.

There are, as U.S. officials claim, many mujahedeen sympathizers living in the capital. Once I had shaken my government-provided "guide," I went downtown to find out who some of the people favored as their ruler. For the older men in the bazaar, President Najibullah was a big loser. Resistance commanders, such as the famous Ahmed Shah Massoud and Abdul Haq, received numerous votes of approval, usually according to ethnic identification. When asked about the exiled King Zahir Shah, the general reaction was best summed up by one man who shrugged his shoulders and said, "Why not?"

The mujahedeen are not so popular among some Afghan women in the capital. In Kabul, women wearing high heels and Western-style clothing walk through the streets next to women who are veiled and fully covered, a striking contrast to life in refugee camps across the border, where women are usually kept in seclusion. "To each his or her own in Kabul," one female government supporter said proudly. Masooma Esmatee Wardak, who like many people in Kabul these days is quick to note that she is not a party member, is the leader of the All Afghanistan's Women Council, which she claims has 150,000 members. "We are not following radical lines here," she says. "Afghan women will never be totally independent like your American women. But we do think we have the right to work." Referring to Gulbuddin Hekmatyar and other fundamentalist elements of the mujahedeen who have vowed to restore the practice of purdah, she said, "Hekmatyar and some of the others think their blend of Islam is the only one. Well I am a Moslem, too, and so are the 270,000 women who work outdoors in this city today."

For supporters and opponents of the government alike, there is a sense of apprehension about the future. "I think maybe things have to change because the government has done a bad job," claimed one merchant, "but I am not sure I like what the other sides [the splintered resistance groups] have to offer. I just hope both sides can talk about it because everyone is tired of this war."



DRAWINGS BY LARRY W. CARROLL

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Although representatives of the shaky rebel alliance are reviewing Soviet proposals for the formation of a broad-based interim government, military operations by both sides continue. Each side seems to be pursuing a carrot-and-stick approach to subduing the other. The Soviet Union has initiated direct talks with the mujahedeen—now taking place in Saudi Arabia—and has offered a $600 million humanitarian package for the millions of refugees planning to return from Pakistan and Iran. At the same time it has deployed Scud ground-to-ground missiles and Backfire and MIG-27 bombers. The mujahedeen are tightening the noose on the major cities through roadblocks and rocket attacks and are simultaneously publicizing a liberal defection policy for government soldiers, except intelligence agents.

As they have throughout the war, the civilians outside Kabul are suffering the most. Recent reports from Pakistan of an increase in civilian casualties are not hard to believe. Hardly a surgical-strike weapon, the Soviet Scud is known as a "city-buster," which when aimed at an armed resistance caravan or hideout can wipe out a nearby village. And the heavy bombs dropped by the MIG-27s have been the cause of most deaths, civilian and combatant. A number of civilians have also perished at the hands of the mujahedeen. Rocket attacks on cities are not the only way some rebels inflict pain. Private Western aid workers in Kabul confirmed that women were raped and civilian men shot when bands of the rebels overran the northern city of Kunduz earlier this year. The Western press has generally ignored the Kabul regime's accusations of such incidents because it has rarely been a reliable source. But even mujahedeen representatives in Peshawar privately admit that "the guys who are not always fighting for the right reasons might get out of our control. We try to prevent these kinds of things, but sometimes they happen."

The consensus among diplomats and analysts sitting in Kabul is that hostilities will continue with or without negotiations and that a change in government will have to take place. These war watchers differ only as to how and when this change will occur, some prescribing a quick military solution and others hoping for a political settlement. When asked what human toll a military solution would take, a Western diplomat in Kabul who fervently supports the rebels answered, "However many people die, it won't begin to compare with what we have seen up until now."

Since most Soviet troops are concentrated around Kabul, I asked to be taken to a base in some other part of the country. The Soviet authorities offered Shindand, the base farthest from the capital, where Soviet soldiers are about to leave their Afghan counterparts behind. After several hours of nervous waiting in the night on the rocket-prone runway of Kabul International Airport, we boarded our Antonov-26 transport plane and were instructed about our flight westward toward the Iranian border. All lights would be turned off and all windows covered "so the *dushman* [opposition] cannot see us." Parachutes were distributed and the journalists were instructed on how to exit in the unlikely event we encountered Stingers. After two tense hours of flying we began to descend into the not-so-tranquil airbase of Shindand. We heard noises and saw flashes from the small weapons fire that narrowly missed our windows. On the ground, the rebels had been more accurate. Another transport plane parked next to the terminal was on fire, freshly hit by a ground-to-ground rocket.

A tour of the base the next day revealed the nearly complete segregation of Afghan and Soviet units, which are supposedly working together in preparation for post-Soviet Afghanistan. Getting a photograph of Soviet soldiers training Afghans meant forcing an unnatural pose. Eight of the newly deployed MIG-27 bombers had just come in from a clearing operation around Kandahar, where government troops are reportedly barely holding on. The MIGs are flown only by Soviet pilots and will not be left behind after February 15, the date the Soviet withdrawal is due to be completed. "They [the Afghans] fly the SU-17s and handle most of the ground operations," the airbase commander explained, "and we conduct support operations." Shaky answers were given in response to the question of who will provide the support once the Soviet troops are gone.

The Soviet soldiers on the base were a little more candid about the government's chances. "It's going to be difficult," one admitted. "We will get out safely, I'm sure, but I wouldn't want to be here in March." The biggest difficulty they see for their Afghan colleagues is their ability to conduct effective air operations on their own. "They must also maintain good contacts with the locals," Colonel Subotin advised. "Show them that the government is their friend." While I was interviewing the public relations officer of the base, several local tribal leaders lined up outside his office to ask for gasoline and wheat.

Twelve Soviet soldiers at the Hajaria outpost had their cannons fixed on the road below, which linked the base with Herat. Two weeks earlier they'd had to go down to the road to help a military convoy fight off a band of the mujahedeen. "Who will protect the road once you've gone?" I asked. The outpost commander explained that Afghan soldiers from other outposts would take over just before February 15, which they admitted would spread thin the troops covering this large base. As a result the security zone surrounding this base, like others still partially manned by Soviet soldiers, will decrease in the coming months.

Back in the relative calm of Kabul, the self-assured Afghan officers of the army and the Sarandoy, the forces of the Ministry of Interior, were an indication of how confidence levels vary with their proximity to the fortified capital. Although one hears about fighting within the military between the two party factions, the Khalq and Parcham, outbreaks so far have been few and minor. After Mohammad Gulabzoi, former leader of the radical Khalq faction that controls the military, was "promoted" to be Ambassador to Moscow in November, most analysts predicted a major uprising within the military. So far nothing has happened.

The significance of the struggles among the government's different security branches are more difficult to guage. Sherzad, an officer of the Sarandoy, stopped short of criticizing the rival intelligence network, KHAD, but subtly high-

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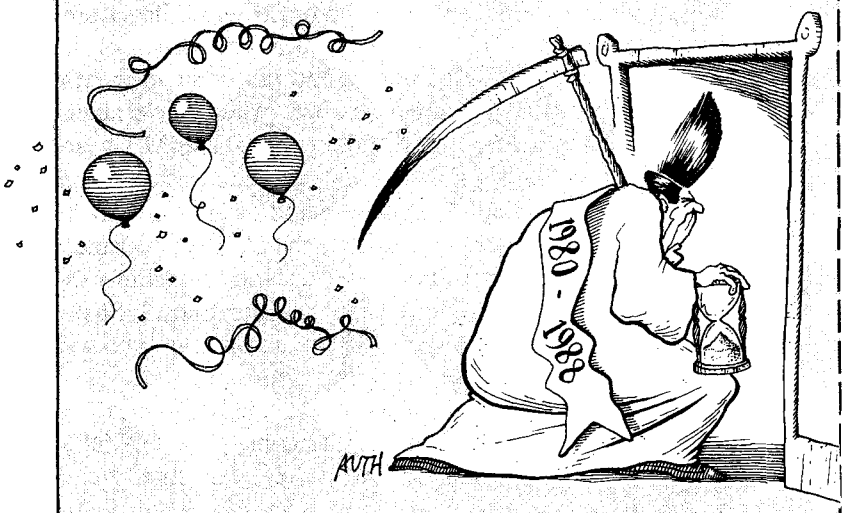
"Humbug!"



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lighted some of their fundamental differences over how to subdue the opposition: The KHAD often opts for "counter-terrorist" tactics, which, according to Sherzad, only add to civilian discontent and reflect badly on the government. It is widely believed that because most Sarandoy soldiers still have strong tribal affiliations they may be the first to defect once things become difficult.

At the country's main communications base in Kabul, the commander, who could barely get a word in over his domineering Soviet advisers, explained why and how his government's military will stand strong beyond February. "Some of us still believe in what we are fighting for. Others, who know that the opposition has no mercy for so-called collaborators of the regime, are going to fight for their lives." The commander and his advisers took me around the base in an attempt to demonstrate the high morale of the soliders and the progress within the military of National Reconciliation, the government's political base-broadening program. A mix of Islamic and Communist slogans covered the walls and a mosque stood in the middle of the grounds; upon entering, the commander and his assistants did not remove their shoes. Classes in combat techniques, communications and political ideology were in session and discipline seemed surprisingly strong.

In the "Afghan-Soviet Friendship Room," 16- and 17-year-old boys with short hair, wearing professional uniforms that looked unnatural on some of their small bodies, sat both attentive and confused while listening to their political officer. Standing beneath portraits of Lenin, Najibullah and Mikhail Gorbachev, the officer lectured them about the importance of protecting the gains of the revolution. When I asked how many of them were party members, four of the roughly twenty-five soldiers stood up. Why do you think the opposition continues to fight you, I asked. "Because," one soldier proudly offered, "fighting is the only way they can control the refugees. . . . Once they stop fighting they lose control." Then the questions came at me: What did I think would happen next in the war, was there a chance of Bush changing Reagan's policy toward Afghanistan, and so on. The curiosity and hints of insecurity I could see on their faces provided a sharp contrast to the confidence displayed by the officers and the bold slogans on the walls. Ironically, the government's future depends largely on the loyalty of these and other young soldiers.

The exact outcome of the Afghan war is still uncertain. It appears, however, that the consensus regarding the future of the People's Democratic Party of Afghanistan is essentially accurate: A change in government is inevitable; the only questions are how and when. As the rebels fight on and as the due date for the last Soviet soldier to go home draws near, defections from the government side will most likely continue to increase. But it does not appear that the regime will simply crumble after February, as American officials predict. Significant sections of the armed forces are well entrenched and ready to fight it out for their beliefs and their lives. And political and strategic problems still plague the resistance. Its members are seriously divided, and they have yet to prove that they can make the transition from guerrillas to conventional war fighters, which is necessary if they plan to take any major city. One Kabul resident who supports the mujahedeen is planning to leave town as soon as possible. "Sure I hope they win, but I don't want to be around for the battle," he explained. If no widely accepted political settlement is reached before February 15, all indications from Kabul point to a messy situation ahead. □

CAMPUS CAPITALISM

Harvard Chases Biotech Bucks

JON WIENER

Derek Bok, president of Harvard University, could hardly have put it better: Educational institutions that promote business schemes "confuse the university's central commitment to the pursuit of knowledge and learning by introducing into the very heart of the academic enterprise a new and powerful motive—the search for commercial utility and financial gain."

That was in 1980, but the Reagan years appear to have changed the heart of the academic enterprise at Harvard. In September the university wrote a new chapter in the history of corporate-academic ties when it announced it will raise $30 million in venture capital to form a company to market the biotechnology research of the Harvard Medical School faculty. Other universities have been inviting biotech firms on campus, offering the profits from faculty research in exchange for funds and facilities. But Harvard has gone the next step by forming its own company—Medical Science Partners (M.S.P.)—and reserving part of the profits for itself.

Harvard's unprecedented pursuit of profit reflects not only the *Zeitgeist* of the Age of Reagan but the new realities of biotechnology. Corporations and investors are desperate to gain access to university labs, because basic biotech research today is conducted almost exclusively in universities. It also reflects the past decade's privatization of discoveries deriving from government-sponsored research. Until 1980, the fruits of such research were public property. Patents on products developed under grants from the National Science Foundation or National Institutes of Health were for the most part held by the government. When Jonas Salk was asked who held the patent to his polio vaccine, he replied, "The people, I would say. . . . Could you patent the sun?" But the law was changed in 1980 to give universities exclusive rights to the products of government-sponsored research, including the rights to hold patents, issue licenses and collect royalties.

Universities are thus doubly valuable to corporations interested in biotechnology profits. Not only are their labs the principal sites for biotech research but universities also

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have a right denied to corporations—the right to patent and license discoveries financed by the public. James Rule, a sociologist at the State University of New York at Stony Brook and an authority on the politics of biotechnology, points out in the Fall issue of *Dissent* that "ideas developed at public expense and on behalf of public goals are being converted as rapidly as possible to private profit-making."

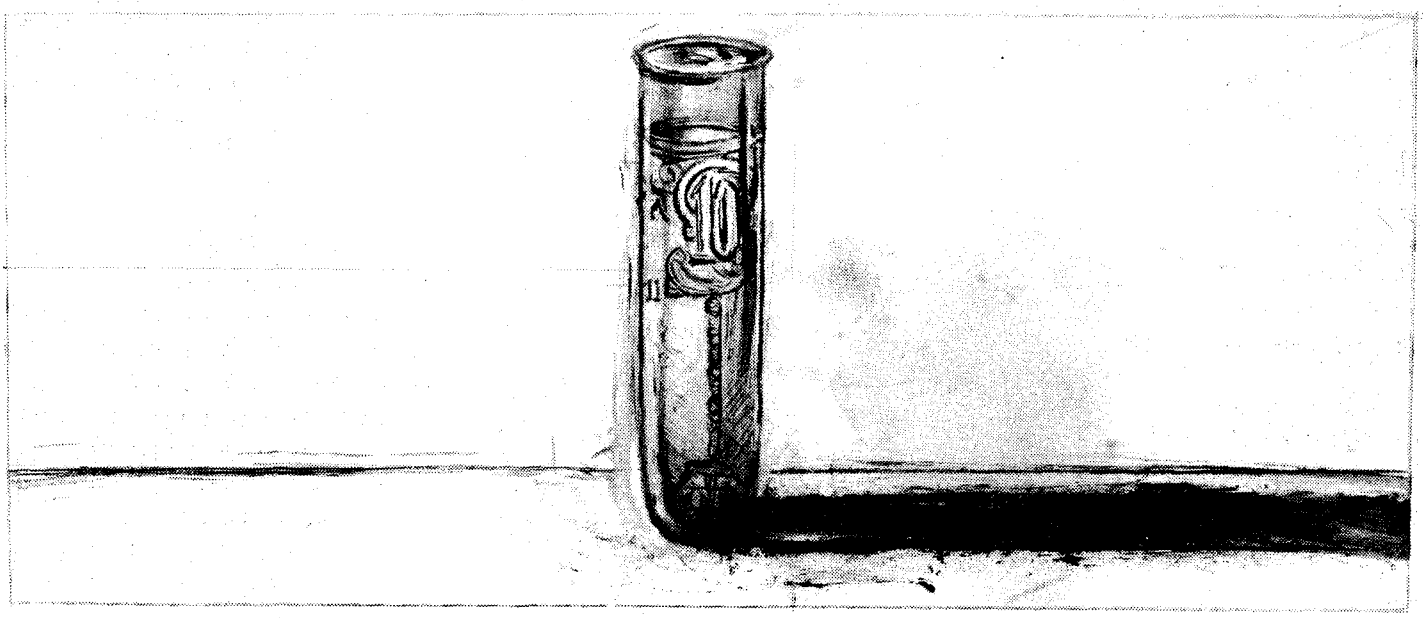
This search for profits can lead to violations of scientific procedures and scholarly ethics. For example, Washington University in St. Louis made a deal with the Monsanto Company in 1982: The corporation invested $23.5 million in medical school research it hoped would produce marketable results; faculty members who received research grants gave Monsanto the rights to the product of their work, including the right not to market it and to conceal scientific discoveries that the corporation determined were threatening to its interests. Thus Monsanto held the right to delay disclosure of faculty research results for up to four years when executives felt the company might lose more than it would gain by marketing a new product, or when the company's competitors might benefit more from a particular discovery than Monsanto would. And faculty members had to promise Monsanto that they would not disclose the results of their research to the scientific community if that research was commercially relevant to Monsanto. Of course, this agreement violated scientific requirements for prompt dissemination of research results, necessary to permit replication and to encourage prompt public benefit.

The most striking recent example of the fruits of university-corporate biotech research was Harvard's patent on a special mouse: Half of all the females of this genetically altered rodent develop cancer. Last April, the Federal government granted Harvard the first patent on an animal for its mouse, which provides researchers with a more efficient way of testing cancer therapies. Because the mouse was developed by two Harvard Medical School researchers, the university holds the patent; but the Du Pont Company financed the research, and Harvard agreed to give the company the exclusive right to license and thus profit from the mouse. (The Harvard mouse patent triggered considerable controversy. Several members of Congress, along with farm groups, religious leaders and animal rights activists, argued that the Reagan Administration should not have established the policy of granting patents on animal species without public debate and in defiance of a request from Congress to delay such action.)

Until recently, faculty members who made discoveries with profit potential held the relevant patents jointly with their universities, and the discoveries were developed and marketed by corporations that put their own in-house researchers to work. Corporations paid royalties on the patents, which the professors shared with the universities that sponsored their research. Some universities take in substantial sums in royalties and licenses, among them Stanford, which earns more than $9 million annually.

What's new in the Harvard plan is the way it puts the university in the role played, until now, by the corporation. Harvard's Medical Science Partners is a limited partnership that will support the research of its medical school faculty seeking to convert laboratory discoveries into marketable products. Harvard will hold the patents, and M.S.P. will be granted exclusive licenses to market the discoveries it funds. Although the university will raise the capital, it won't invest any of its own money, but it will receive 10 percent of the profits. The decisions about which faculty projects to fund will be made not by Harvard officials but rather by a former drug industry executive, Andre Lamotte, who will manage M.S.P. and also receive 10 percent of the profits.

But that's only the beginning. Lamotte's decisions will be subject to review by a mysterious entity called Ion Inc., a new, wholly owned nonprofit Harvard subsidiary, which will have the power to fire Lamotte. The officers of Ion Inc. will be university administrators; members of the Harvard Corporation (the university's secretive governing body); and members of the Harvard Management Corporation, the university's investment company (known recently for its reluctance to part with South African stocks). Ion Inc. in turn will receive recommendations from a special medical school



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academic review committee charged with evaluating the academic integrity and potential conflicts of interest in projects seeking support from Medical Science Partners.

This tangled web, Harvard officials insist, will somehow separate Harvard from the management of the fund while assuring that M.S.P. does not violate university rules. But separating the profit-making enterprise from the university itself also creates an element of deniability for Harvard when conflicts of interest and ethical violations arise.

And they will arise—because even Harvard doctors can be greedy and corrupt. While Harvard spokesmen were defending the M.S.P. plan, a conflict-of-interest scandal erupted involving a researcher at a Harvard-affiliated hospital. He had violated regulations of the university and the Food and Drug Administration by testing a drug that had not been approved for experimental use and in which he had a financial stake. Dr. Scheffer C.G. Tseng had developed a vitamin treatment for a condition called dry eye, which he tested without F.D.A. authorization on more than 200 patients at Massachusetts Eye and Ear Hospital. *The Boston Globe* revealed in October that Tseng and his family held a substantial block of stock in Spectra Pharmaceutical Services, the company that manufactured the drug, and that they had made at least $1 million after Tseng announced his results were "promising." The drug has since proved to be ineffective. Two Congressional subcommittees have announced preliminary investigations, with Ted Weiss, chair of the House Human Resources and Intergovernmental Subcommittee, saying he is concerned about whether "Harvard adequately protected the patients" in the study.

Why didn't Tseng's Harvard overseers spot the problem? His supervisor, Harvard Medical School Associate Professor Kenneth Kenyon, also owned stock (at one time worth $340,000) in the company. Kenyon also touted the new drug as "promising," though Tseng's research was clearly faulty and may have been fraudulent. After the conflict of interest was discovered, Harvard Medical School Dean Daniel Tosteson ordered Kenyon to give up all benefit from his Spectra stock, but took no other disciplinary action. When Harvard itself stands to profit from the work of its researchers, the pressures to violate scientific and ethical rules will be more intense and cases of what Harvard casually calls "faulty oversight" will be more common.

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Eight years ago the Harvard faculty objected loudly when a plan similar to M.S.P. was proposed—leading president Bok to proclaim that the pursuit of profit is incompatible with the purposes of the university. This time the best-informed and fullest critique of the new plan came not from the faculty but from Harvard Watch, a Ralph Nader–sponsored project headed by Robert Weissman, an undergraduate. On October 24, the organization released a nineteen-page dissection of the Medical Science Partners proposal, arguing that Bok's objections to the 1980 plan remain altogether relevant in the present case.

Harvard officials responded with assurances that no ethical problems will arise—after all, university guidelines state that "faculty members have a responsibility to maintain the scholarly character of their research." Medical school Dean Tosteson, in a letter to *The New York Times*, described the new profit-making firm as simply a "fund" that will "combat disease" and "improve human health." Who could object to that? The guidelines also state that faculty members must not make agreements with M.S.P. to "restrain publication" or "provide for the holding of any information in confidence." But what if, instead of making an *agreement* to keep their research secret, they just *happen* to keep their research secret? The pressures toward secrecy will quickly grow as Harvard's investors commit vast resources toward developing patents or products worth millions of dollars.

The university also defends the new firm by arguing that it will serve the public interest—primarily by filling something Harvard calls the "development gap," a gap between basic research funded by the N.I.H. and the N.S.F. and corporate research to develop commercial applications. Stephen Atkinson is one of the Harvard officials whose job includes defending the M.S.P. plan. He has a title that didn't exist before the biotechnology revolution hit the campus: Director of the Office of Technology Licensing and Industry-Sponsored Research at Harvard Medical School. He told Harvard Watch that capitalism doesn't work when it comes to linking basic medical research findings to commercial potential, and thus the public needs Harvard's Medical Science Partners.

But does the "development gap" really exist? Biotechnology is a field where venture capital firms constantly seek high-risk, high-return investments of precisely the type that would fall under this rubric. Even if the gap is real, Harvard Watch argues, projects that risk-oriented private capital refuses to fund will not be promising sources of profit for the university. M.S.P. is supposed to make a profit, and thus will have an incentive to *avoid* products that fall into the gap. The firm's commercial orientation clearly undermines its claim to serve the public interest.

University officials have worked hard to dispel the notion that Harvard is "going into business." "There will be no control [by the university] over the investment decisions of that company," explains John Shattuck, Harvard vice president for government and community affairs. Harvard Watch's Weissman replies that the real problem is not that Harvard will control the company but that Harvard will tailor its own activities to benefit the company—by keeping profitable

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discoveries secret, by hiring and promoting faculty with profit-making potential, by devoting lab space and other resources to profit-oriented rather than basic research.

Harvard Watch also maintains that the university should make public all documents of Ion Inc. and the medical school academic review committee that is charged with oversight, including reports submitted by professors participating in M.S.P. "If the documents can't be made public," Weissman argues, "then the proposal does not satisfy academic requirements for preserving the free flow of information and M.S.P. is not a project Harvard should be involved in." Thus far the university has refused to agree to make the documents public.

Even *The New York Times* attacked Harvard—a rare event—for the M.S.P. plan. The paper argued in an editorial that the university's pursuit of profit threatened to undermine its pursuit of "pure knowledge." Harvard Watch makes a similar case: By joining the biotech industry, the university is abandoning its self-proclaimed role as an independent critic of society. This "ivory tower" conception of the university was discredited long ago, of course, partly by Clark Kerr's description of the "multiversity" that serves diverse social ends and partly by 1960s radicals who showed the varied ways that universities serve the needs of corporations. (One current example: When farm workers organized a union in California, the University of California, Davis, stepped up its research on "labor saving" devices that would help agribusiness eliminate workers' jobs.) Of course, the university also provides a home for social critics and planners of alternative policies, including a few who publish in *The Nation*. But although the university has never existed in isolation from social and political forces, the present aggressive trend toward profit-making is genuinely a new step.

And it is a step that could well threaten hallowed scholarly criteria for hiring and tenure. Bok declares that there is "no possibility that the appointment process would be affected in any way by the fund." But suppose a young scientist does work lacking in real intellectual or scientific significance; suppose, moreover, that he doesn't show up for class, and harasses women who work in his lab. But the corporate managers say he's developing marketable discoveries that will make big profits; if he's denied tenure, he'll take his ideas to another university, which will get rich instead of Harvard. The medical school may not be able to resist pressures to grant tenure to such a person.

The opportunities for marketing faculty research, of course, need not be limited to biotechnology. Why not go all the way and make the university itself a corporation—sell stock in Harvard? If the Nabisco name is worth $25 billion, imagine what investment bankers would pay to own part of the Ivy League. Other prestigious universities would follow suit. Those with weak profits would become takeover targets; to restore investor confidence, they would sell off divisions with lackluster earnings, putting the philosophy, classics and German literature departments on the auction block. Scholarship would be channeled into fields where there's a strong merchandising potential, like literary theory. Other universities would market humbler intellectual products—

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LESBIANS AND GAYS

Forced March In the Military

GARY L. ATKINS

Within a few months, the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Ninth Circuit, in San Francisco, sitting en banc, will decide whether the military may continue unimpeded its ongoing campaign to expel lesbians and gay men from its ranks. Last February, a three-judge panel of the court stunned the Pentagon by declaring the Army regulations excluding such soldiers unconstitutional, but the Army won a stay. It's a case the military dearly wants to win. Under the Reagan-Bush Administration, the armed services have become deeply invested in an earnest anti-gay crusade that has escalated in both the barracks and the Federal courts over the past year.

Since June, the Marine Corps has imprisoned three women and discharged eleven others for alleged homosexual activity at its recruit depot in Parris Island, South Carolina. In August, the Navy investigated twenty-five to thirty women aboard the destroyer tender Yellowstone and removed twelve from the ship, claiming that all had confessed to being homosexuals. In mid-November, the Navy discharged eight of the dozen, one of the biggest such separations to result from a single Navy investigation since 1980.

These cases are but the most recent, visible developments in the military's purge. During the three-year period ending September 30, 1987, more than 4,600 men and women were discharged from active duty because of homosexuality, according to Defense Department statistics. The brunt has fallen on women, raising suggestions that the assault is sexist as well as anti-gay. Overall, women are three times more likely to be removed for homosexuality than are men, with sixteen of every 10,000 women on active duty expelled compared to five of every 10,000 men. The rates vary among the individual services. In the Marine Corps, for example, enlisted women are eight times more likely to be discharged for homosexuality.

Through the 1960s and 1970s, military regulations included a loophole that permitted some homosexuals to remain in the service as exceptions. In 1980, immediately after the election of Ronald Reagan, the Defense Department adopted new rules mandating the exclusion of all known or discovered lesbians and gay men. The draconian regulations swept far beyond the bill Congress passed regarding consensual sexual practices in the military. That law makes it a crime for service personnel to engage in acts of either heterosexual or homosexual sodomy involving penetration, covering oral and anal intercourse. In contrast, the expansive Defense Department rules exclude anyone who engages in or even "desires" to engage in any homosexual acts, anyone who claims to be a homosexual and anyone who attempts to marry a person of the same sex. Homosexual acts are defined as any "bodily contact . . . between members of the same sex for the purpose of satisfying sexual desires," a broad net that led one Federal appeals judge to note caustically that such a definition could include everything from oral and anal intercourse to holding hands, kissing, hugging or any number of physical gestures.

Significantly, the regulations allow exceptions for military personnel who simply make a "mistake," but claim to be heterosexual. Even a person who tries to marry another of the same sex can stay in the military by claiming that the attempt was deliberately made to dodge the service. Critics have argued that it is an odd regulation that finds an individual who lies or attempts fraud to be more acceptable than one who honestly states sexual interests. Mary Dunlap, a leading gay civil rights attorney in California, contends that "the Army doesn't actually care what people are doing, but what they are saying." Indeed, it is the unashamed gay willing to be honest, rather than the closeted homosexual, who seems to disturb the military the most.

Since the rules took effect in 1980, gays have raised four constitutional challenges. Two have been crushed by Federal judges: one a substantive due process argument that the rules deny gays and lesbians the right to serve in the military, the other a privacy argument that the military has no right to regulate behind-closed-doors consensual adult sex. Although judges have upheld the Pentagon regulations, they have often used their written opinions to blast the injustices the rules have caused. In the past year, two other constitutional arguments have begun to achieve greater success, although neither has been pressed to what civil rights attorneys assume will be a hostile Supreme Court.

The case of former Army Sgt. Perry Watkins, currently before the Appeals Court in San Francisco, has gained the most publicity, partly because the equal-protection argument being used could reduce government discrimination against gays in many nonmilitary areas but mostly because the case clearly demonstrates the blatant unfairness the rules can cause. Even those who do not normally support gays, such as conservative columnist James Kilpatrick, have come out against the military. In 1967, Watkins, then a teen-ager, was drafted into the Army despite his declaration that he was homosexual. A physician certified him fit for service after Watkins said he would be willing to serve in Vietnam. For sixteen years, Watkins remained consistently honest about his homosexuality, even performing in drag shows at

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the request of his commanders. He earned outstanding evaluations and repeatedly re-enlisted. When the regulations changed, however, the Army abruptly ended Watkins's career, four years short of his retirement.

Last winter, a three-judge panel of the Appeals Court used the equal-protection analysis to strike the Army regulations, declaring that homosexuals are entitled to the same protection against unreasonable government discrimination as racial and ethnic minorities. Applying a test of heightened judicial scrutiny that requires the government to demonstrate a compelling need for discrimination against a "suspect class," the panel skirted the privacy issue of the military's right to regulate sexual conduct and then voided discrimination based on sexual orientation alone.

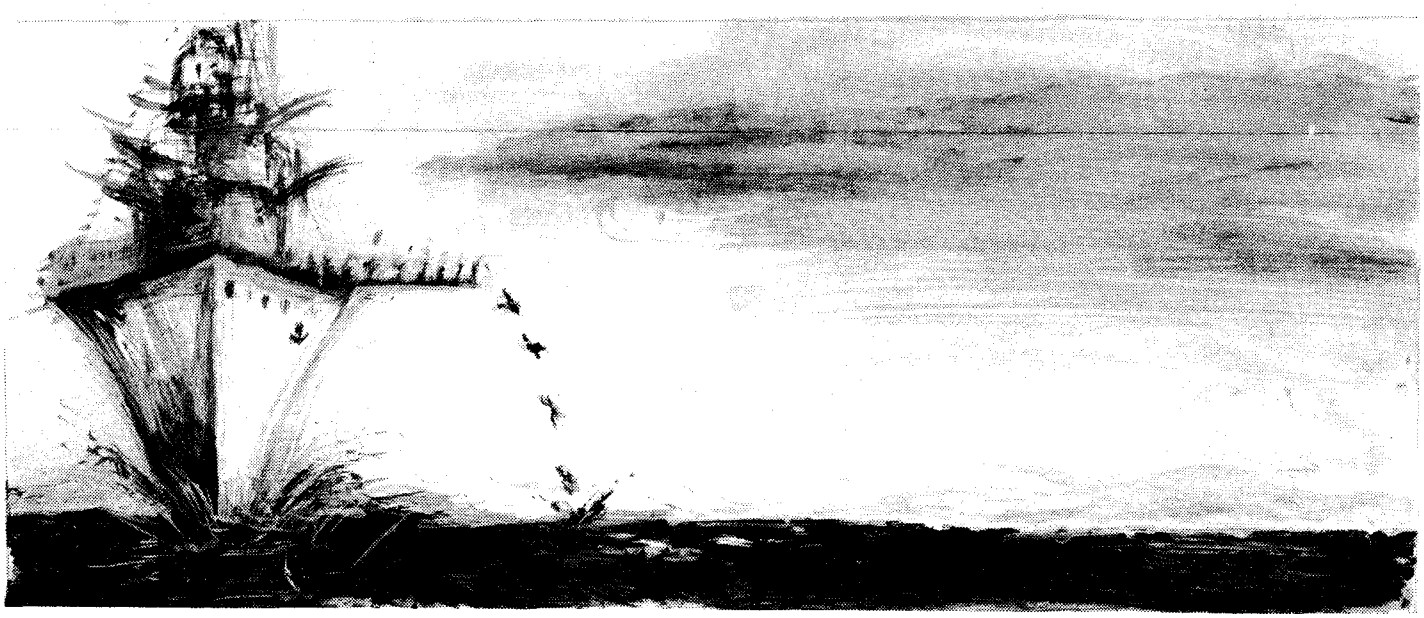
The second, perhaps more potent, challenge to the military rules has been that of free speech. The issue is not only whether the military rules unconstitutionally limit pure speech about being gay but whether they chill speech about sexual matters even by straight soldiers who, given the nature of the rules, would likely be discouraged from reading books about homosexuality or gay civil rights or from associating with the gay civilians they may work next to on bases. Ironically, the gay civilian workers are protected from government discrimination by Civil Service rules.

In two prominent free speech cases now in the Federal courts, the Army Reserve has been challenged for violating the First Amendment by discharging two women simply for saying they were lesbians, though there was no proof they had engaged in homosexual acts. In August, a Federal judge in Wisconsin ruled that one of the women, Army Reserve Sgt. Miriam benShalom, had a reasonable enough chance of succeeding in her challenge to order the Army to process her re-enlistment request without regard to her sexual orientation. BenShalom won a similar challenge in 1980 after the Reserves tried to dismiss her in the midst of her enlistment. The other case, involving comments Capt. Dusty Pruitt made to the *Los Angeles Times*, is on hold in Federal court, awaiting the decision on Watkins. Like Watkins, both benShalom and Pruitt have received consistently outstanding military performance evaluations.

Pruitt's case demonstrates how far the military regulations can sweep. After a tour of active duty, she enlisted in the Army Reserves as a captain while she was pursuing ordination as a minister. In January 1983, the *Los Angeles Times* published an article about Pruitt's role as a pastor with the Metropolitan Community Church, a denomination that serves gays and lesbians. In the interview, Pruitt talked about the conflict she had felt, as the daughter of a Baptist minister, when she began confronting her sexual feelings for women at age 24. She acknowledged staying in the closet in the Army. At the time of the interview, Pruitt was primarily a civilian; she had not been on duty or on base for more than six months. A week after the article appeared, the Army blocked her promised promotion to major—and eventually discharged her.

The Justice Department attorney defending the military in both the Watkins and Pruitt cases, E. Roy Hawkens, argues that neither equal protection nor the First Amendment should be allowed to overturn the present policy. Equal protection, he has said, cannot apply because gays and lesbians are a "class that is largely defined by criminal behavior [sodomy]," and sexual orientation cannot be separated from the intent to engage in such conduct. He has denied that the rules chill freedom of speech or association for heterosexual soldiers, claiming in one brief that they are free to "sympathetically relate to homosexuals . . . express an interest in homosexuality . . . or advocate changes in civilian laws or military regulations regarding homosexuals." As for the free speech of those who would be openly gay but not engage in sodomy, Hawkens argues that the Supreme Court has already recognized that the military may restrict any speech impairing its effectiveness, and that declarations of gayness or lesbianism could create disturbances in the ranks. The courts, he says, have no business interfering with "a quintessential military decision regarding the proper composition of the armed forces."

Through all the investigations and court challenges runs a key question: Do homosexuals, especially those who simply



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declare themselves gay or lesbian, actually impair the military mission? Hawkens and the Defense Department claim they do, citing several reasons: adverse effects on discipline and good order, threats to the integrity of the rank and command system (since homosexuals pose possibilities of seduction), disturbance among heterosexual personnel who do not want to be considered "objects of desire," damage to the military's public image and difficulties posting homosexuals in countries where anti-gay sentiments are even stronger than in the United States.

James Lobsenz, an attorney with the American Civil Liberties Union who represents Watkins, has responded with studies commissioned by the military itself, especially a late 1950s Navy analysis documenting that large numbers of homosexuals have served without causing problems. Mary Newcombe, Pruitt's A.C.L.U. lawyer, has challenged the Defense Department's actions by pointing to the remarkable similarity they share with ones used in the 1940s to segregate black soldiers—because the military claimed integration would lower morale, hurt efficiency and disturb whites who did not want to serve with blacks. Both attorneys also point to the living evidence—Watkins, benShalom and Pruitt—whose service the Army admits has been exemplary, two of them while both openly gay and uniformed for years.

Clearly, gays and lesbians can offer outstanding military service and want to do so. Indeed, the name Pruitt recalls that of another soldier: Robert E. Lee Prewitt, the hero of *From Here to Eternity*. Like Prewitt, gays in the military have been battered by a system that refuses to respect their dignity as individuals. When Prewitt prepares for what will be a fatal attempt to return to his company as the Japanese attack Pearl Harbor, his lover asks angrily: "What did the Army ever do for you besides beat you up and treat you like scum and throw you in jail like a criminal?" Prewitt answers: "What do I want to go back for? I'm a soldier."

It's time the Federal courts let the Pruitts back safely and time the military halted its wounding, unjustifiable witch hunt. □

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THE BRAZZAVILLE PROTOCOL

Peace at Last In Namibia?

GWEN LISTER AND MARK VERBAAN

Windhoek

Since the U.S.-mediated peace talks between Angola, Cuba and South Africa began eight months ago, Namibia's 1.5 million people have had their hopes raised many times only to have them dashed again. However, Namibian spirits were given a massive boost on December 13, when South Africa announced that it was signing the Brazzaville protocol, which specifies April 1, 1989, as the date U.N. Security Council Resolution 435 is to be implemented, leading to Namibian independence.

The agreement was not reached without last-minute alarms. At the beginning of December, when South African Foreign Minister Roelof Botha and Defense Minister Gen. Magnus Malan turned up in the Congolese capital of Brazzaville, things seemed to be falling apart. After three days the South African delegation returned to Pretoria with nothing signed, and familiar doubts set in. But when news of the December 13 settlement began filtering here to the Namibian capital, a new mood took hold. Impromptu celebration parties went on deep into the night in the black township of Katutura, and progressive groups began discussing the logistical implications of imminent independence. Many conservative whites reacted angrily to the news. One white farmer called it appropriate that Namibia should receive its independence on April Fool's Day.

But will the Brazzaville accord hold? After decades of false assurances, skepticism is widespread among Namibians. This is particularly true of the 600,000 people who live in the territory's northern regions, which have been ravaged by war for the past twenty-two years. One experienced political observer commented, "I want to see the blue helmets of the U.N. troops in Windhoek before I say independence is here. Nobody has forgotten that South Africa agreed once before to implement Resolution 435, and that was ten years ago."

One reason Namibians hope that this time may be different is that Havana, Luanda and Pretoria have finally agreed on a scheduled withdrawal of Cuban troops from Angola—an issue long linked by Washington and Pretoria to Namibian independence. Even the thorny issue of verification has been dealt with. Obviously, José dos Santos's M.P.L.A. government could not agree to a South African military force inside Angola to monitor the twenty-seven-month phased Cuban withdrawal, and South Africa now appears to have agreed to the presence of a U.N. monitoring group.

Gwen Lister is editor of the weekly newspaper The Namibian. *Mark Verbaan is director of the Namibian News Service.*

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Latin America: A Political Guide

An invaluable survey of thirty-three Latin American countries by Penny Lernoux, *The Nation*'s award-winning Latin America correspondent. *(August 22/29, 1981)*

El Salvador

A compilation of *Nation* articles on Central America and El Salvador, including an early debunking, by James Petras, of the famed "White Paper." *(1980-1981)*

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Not addressed in Brazzaville, however, was the fate of Jonas Savimbi's rebel Unita movement, which has been fighting the Angolan government, with U.S. and South African support, since 1975. There is every indication that Unita has taken a beating at the hands of the Cuban and Angolan government troops since last August, when South African forces withdrew into northern Namibia following a cease-fire agreement reached in Geneva. Widespread reports from northern Namibia since October point to an increasing presence of Savimbi's forces (including Unita-manned roadblocks to monitor new weapons deliveries) in the Caprivi strip, a narrow piece of Namibian territory that borders on Angola, Zambia, Zimbabwe and Botswana. A Joint Military Monitoring Commission made up of Cuban, Angolan and South African representatives has been operating along Namibia's northern border for several weeks, but only eleven out of sixteen monitoring posts have been set up—none of them in the Caprivi strip. Despite denials from the South-West African Territory Force (the local branch of the South African Defense Force), Unita may well have established a backup headquarters at Chetto, a South African military camp in the Caprivi close to the Angolan border. Local residents also report seeing Unita soldiers in the central northern region of Ovamboland.

An influx of Unita "refugees" would present a serious problem for an independent Namibian government, and it would be beyond the ability of the proposed 7,500-strong U.N. Transition Assistance Group to detect them and send them back to Angola. If Unita forces remain inside Namibia during the period of independence elections, which are likely to take place on November 1, they could well spearhead an internal guerrilla movement, similar to Renamo in Mozambique, aimed at toppling a newly elected government.

The almost certain winner of free elections here would be Swapo, the South-West Africa People's Organization, which has waged an armed struggle against the South African occupation for the past twenty-two years. Swapo is considered by the United Nations to be the "sole and authentic representative" of the Namibian people. (U.N. Commissioner for Namibia Bernt Carlsson told *The Nation*, "That definition will come to an end when 435 is implemented. From then on Swapo will be one of seven political parties, and the U.N. will not favor Swapo.") But for South Africa, a Swapo victory has always been equated with the installation of a Communist government, yet another hostile state on its borders. That has been the rationale for the billions of dollars and the thousands of lives that the colonial occupation has cost since 1966. If South Africa is now willing to break the chains of bondage, does this mean that it has finally decided the costs of staying on are too high?

That is certainly the commonly held belief. Most observers concluded that the political, military and economic costs of continued occupation were what finally drove South Africa to the negotiating table. But in light of South Africa's past record, there are still fears that the situation may regress to the *status quo ante*. Furthermore, since the four-way talks began last May, nothing has changed inside Namibia. The South African army is still firmly entrenched in the northern part of the country. New troops and equipment pour in; atrocities against the civilian population continue unabated. Namibia has been ruled for the past three years by a South African–imposed interim government (which is black majority, but equally despised by left and right). A second-tier system of eleven ethnic governments remains in force, and the authorities continue to nurture tribal divisions. The police routinely use tear gas, rubber bullets and batons on those who protest the South African presence, and detention without trial is still an everyday reality. Pretoria must now begin to issue instructions to the interim government to begin preparing for free elections in accordance with the U.N. settlement plan.

Implementation of Resolution 435, if and when it happens, will not bring overnight relief of Namibia's long agony. The Council of Churches in Namibia has begun to prepare for the anticipated return of 80,000 refugees, whose arrival would stretch the country's facilities to the breaking point. The settlement is also likely to lead to a wave of violence from the bitter right-wingers who feel they have been sold out by South Africa. Some Namibians fear a scorched-earth policy as thousands of whites flood back into South Africa rather than remain behind to adjust to life under what they have always been told is a "terrorist organization." There are also black groups who may have fallen victim to this same anti-Swapo propaganda, preached intensively over the years, and they, together with the remnants of Unita in the north, could become the guerrillas of the future. This includes some parties that serve in the present interim government; there are already allegations that Welfare Minister Moses Katjiuongua has started a private army that is being trained at South African military bases and at Unita's Jamba headquarters in southern Angola. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Scandal

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

The discovery of letters from Moore to his friend Ned Stebbins confirmed that the good cleric had long been plagued by dipsomaniacal demons and that the poem about Santa Claus was an attempt to exorcise them (see Ramsforth, "St. Nick and Old Nick: Clement Moore's Satanic Vision," *Susquehannah Review*, Winter 1985; and Ramsforth, "Clement Moore: Dionysian Poet," *Scholarly Offprints*, June 1986). Had the generations of children to whom the poem has been read as a Christmas Eve somnifacient known the latent content of Moore's vinous visions, more than sugar plums would have danced in their heads.

When the true significance of "A Visit From St. Nicholas" was at last recognized and it was inducted into the poetic canon (see Ramsforth, "St. Nicholas Revisited: Moore's Dark Vision," *Air Force Academy Quarterly*, Winter-Spring 1986), the heavy-footed tread of the textual collators could not be far behind. And indeed, their computerized labors have now given birth to a chubby tome, weighing in at 5 pounds, 7 ounces, including acknowledgments, appendix and footnotes. This "definitive edition," launched by a fulsome, self-serving Festschrift in the Fall 1987 issue of *Clement Moore Studies*, well recognized as the mouthpiece of the Ludendorff cabal, plumbs new depths of scholarly ineptitude.

In a word, Ludendorff and his drones have concocted an entirely spurious version of the poem, riddled with erroneous emendations. This saturnalia of textual deviation takes as its provenance the controversial holograph indited by Moore on a cocktail napkin from the Fraunces Tavern.[1] Considerable scholarly debate has been expended on the authenticity of this paper most foul[2] (see Ramsforth, "Moore's Happy Hour: The Fraunces Holograph Controversy," *Logomachy*, Summer 1981). As for my own view, I will say simply that I am of the camp that finds the alleged notes a clever forgery. But even if the material were authentic, it still could not be the authoritative text. Take for instance the lines:

> With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
> I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.

In the Fraunces version, which Ludendorff et al. have now enshrined as the "final" and "authentic" text, we see:

> With a red-suited Jehu, so droll and ridiculous
> I knew at once it must be St. Nicholas.

Never mind that the first line does not scan, and forget the Victorian cliché "Jehu" for driver. Consider instead how the word "ridiculous" alters the point of view of the poem, which is otherwise reverential toward the scarlet-clad saint. Worse, we lose the religious double-entendre of "St. Nick" (as in Old Nick—Scratch, the devil).

Ludendorff and Co. contend that their rendering is closer to the poet's true intentions (footnote 2007, page 563). Their arguments are too tedious to adumbrate here, but they come down to the simple proposition *in vino veritas*. Yet in making this claim the editors are compelled to reject the so-called Morning-After Holograph, composed by Moore in the gray, post-Wassail light of Boxing Day, and considered, until Ludendorff and his wrecking crew took up their cudgels, the true text. Ludendorff *et Cie.* contend that Moore's wife edited this version, which Moore dictated to her after taking to his bed with a severe case of the megrims. The matronly Mme. Moore's reputation undergoes considerable buffeting at the hands of the "restorers." She was, they grumble, the Censor, the Victorian Superego, the Pedantic Poetic Parser, the Circe who combed the authentic tangles of meaning out of her husband's unruly lines. But Moore hungover was Moore twice armed, as I have argued elsewhere (see Ramsforth, "The Morning After Christmas: Moore's Revisions of 'A Visit from St. Nicholas,'" *Elsewhere*, Spring 1983). It was precisely the rigorous sublimation that his taproom reveries underwent in revision that gave the poem its subliminal greatness. . . .

Dr. Sebastian Ramsforth

For reasons of space we have omitted the remaining 10,000 words of Dr. Ramsforth's letter. Suffice it to say that he accuses Ludendorff of injecting numerous errors into the poem; of misplacing "no less than thirty-five commas, twenty-three semicolons and four periods"; of plagiarizing extensively from Dr. Ramsforth's scholarly articles; of misappropriating a $500,000 grant from the National Endowment for the Humanities ("more than half of which went to feed Ludendorff's voracious appetite for gambling"); of libelous innuendoes designed to destroy Dr. Ramsforth's scholarly reputation; of selling numerous items of Mooreiana to private collectors for personal gain; and of certain felonies and misdemeanors, "which have been duly reported to the proper authorities."

—The Editors

DR. LUDENDORFF REPLIES

I am shocked that the editors of this once-distinguished journal should have seen fit to lend their pages to the scurrilous insinuations and pseudo-philological maunderings of Dr. (*sic*) Sebastian Ramsforth. They cannot be unaware of the longstanding and deep-seated malice (there is no other word) that Ramsforth has brought to the study of the work of a man whom all other scholars contend to be "America's Most Beloved Poet" (see Ludendorff, "Longfellow, Moore and Whittier: A Tabulation of Citations in Contemporary Journals," *Clement Moore Studies*, January-February 1978). Ramsforth's assertion that Moore's St. Nicholas was a "Satanic vision" and his imputations against the Good Doctor's sobriety have been shown to be wholly groundless and without foundation not only by such established Moorean authorities as E. Vandevar Conolly and Colin Evander but even by Hugh O'Connor, who has dismissed Ramsforth's fabrications out of hand in his authoritative study *The Literature of Christmas* (Kansas Institute of Mining and Science Press, 3 vols., 1984), and even more devastatingly in his contribution to *Poseidon, Magus, Elf: The Evolution of Nicholas of Myra* (H. Ludendorff, editor). I should not have thought it would be necessary, after Ramsforth had been so thoroughly discredited, that his aspersions against the Beloved Author should have to be dignified with renewed refutation, but such is the hydra-headed nature of scholarly error (and the perversity of editors).

To begin with, there is the "cocktail napkin" holograph in the Hughes col-

1. Now in the Howard Hughes Collection, University of Las Vegas. It measures 4 by 6 inches and is imprinted with, in addition to the establishment's name, silhouettes of a wine glass emitting bubbles and several scantily clad females, and the words "George Washington Made Whoopee Here."

2. "Foul papers": a scholarly term for an author's rough notes and discarded drafts.

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lection, the authenticity of which Ramsforth has tried repeatedly to impugn. He has gone so far as to project his own fevered imagining on the Rorschach-like wine stain on the recto side of the Fraunces Holograph, in which he pretends to see a "wine glass" and "scantily clad females." No doubt it was this disposition to sniff out pornographic implications in the most innocent images that prompted Ramsforth to maintain in his notorious farrago of errors that disgraced the pages of *Elsewhere* (op. cit.) that Moore's beautiful and chaste lines,

> The moon on the crest of the new-fallen snow
> Lent a semblance of sunlight to th' icy tableau

should "properly" take the form familiar to us from the later, corrupt editions of the work:

> The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
> Gave a lustre of midday to objects below.

Can Ramsforth really suppose that a man of such delicate sensibilities that he always scrupled to speak of "white meat" and "dark meat" when he dined on poultry would have wantonly endowed snow with breasts and rimed the entire landscape of his poem with a lubricious "lustre"? Of course not! Only the Satanic dipsomaniac of "Doc" Ramsforth's obsessed imagination could have conspired to introduce such immodesties into the innocent bowers of American childhood.

Concerning the influence of Moore's wife, Marianne, I'm afraid Ramsforth entirely misapprehends the significance of the Boxing Day Holograph. Little wonder, since he has never visited the Spielvogel Archives. (Or, if he has, it must have been under an alias, for *his* name does not appear among the twelve signatures of the Archives' register in as many years!) If he had studied the Boxing Day Holograph, or even read the relevant passages in *The New Definitive Synoptic Corrected Edition* (pp. 247-334), he would realize that the poem familiar from the corrupt text can scarcely be said to be the work of the Beloved Author at all: At best it is a collaboration with Marianne. Certain feminist critics, such as Brunhilde Dwarfling, have even suggested that the corrupt text continue to be printed in its familiar form but be reascribed to Marianne Moore (see Dwarfling, "Mrs. Santa: Woman's Invention of Christmas," *Feminist Yuletide Research Bulletin*, Vol. 68, No. 3). Dwarfling argues persuasively that the role of Mrs. Santa was much more than that of an amanuensis, that it was she who "corrected" the Beloved Author's stately alexandrines to anapestic doggerel, wrenching his immortal opening lines with their Keatsian echoes

> It was the Eve of Christmas, and throughout the house
> No living creature was astir; nay, not a mouse!

into the jingling

> 'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
> Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.

It was she who substituted

> When what to my wondering eyes should appear
> But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer

for the evocative vision conjured by Moore's original couplet:

> When, all amaz'd, I saw upon the snowy road
> A wint'ry phaeton with four bays to pull its load.

How much richer an image, almost a Currier & Ives print, with none of the embarrassing whimsy of the distaff version. Here are four horses solidly planted on a snowy road, such as one might have seen out of the Good Doctor's windows on any winter's night, not reindeer flying through the air with a "miniature" sleigh. How, if the sleigh is miniature, could the toys in St. Nicholas's bundle be of a suitable size for the children who will receive them? Are we to believe that reindeer fly? Ramsforth has never addressed himself to these intractable difficulties of the corrupt text. Nor does he acknowledge the appropriateness (one might even say inevitability) of Moore's equine and coaching imagery in a poem honoring one who was not only the patron saint of children, merchants and pawnbrokers but also of highwaymen (see Ludendorff, "Stand and Deliver: The Other Side of Santa," *Clement Moore Studies*, Spring 1986).

Finally, I must call attention to Ramsforth's erroneous citation of the lines from the Fraunces version as being part of the final, rediscovered text. Their metrical irregularities alone argue against this. What the Fraunces holograph represents is the author's faulty recollection of his original *after* Marianne's tamperings. What Moore almost certainly meant to write was:

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With red-togg'd troll, so droll and so ridiculous
I knew at once that he must be St. Nicholas.

Admittedly, there is no *manuscript* authority for these reconstructed lines, but no one who has taken the trouble to examine the materials in the Spielvogel Archives has ever called the reconstructed text into question. Only Sebastian Ramsforth! I see no further reason to discuss his scribblings as though they were acts of scholarship, and I apologize to the readers of this journal for the necessity of defending my own work, and Clement Clarke Moore's, against his imputations.

Finally, to those readers, in the spirit of the Yuletide season, and in the immortal words of the Beloved Author:

A Merry Christmas Day to you, and now good-night!

Dr. Hartvig Ludendorff

RICHARD LINGEMAN AND THOMAS M. DISCH

Nation Books, 1988

The following books were published by Nation *editors, correspondents and columnists during the past year.*

THE RADICAL RENEWAL: The Politics of Ideas in Modern America. *By Norman Birnbaum. Pantheon. 275 pp. $17.95.*

While the vast majority of his fellow social scientists march lockstep into historical triviality, Birnbaum pursues his passionate concern with the classical questions of a virtuous Republic. To this end he explores an extraordinary range of the relevant contemporary writers—historians, economists, social theorists, feminists, anthropologists, legal theorists, psychoanalysts, even the stray sociologist—for critical insights into the specific limits and prospects for freedom in America. *The Radical Renewal* implicitly provides a persuasive model for at least part of the canon (though not the "cannon") required for Birnbaum's Radical Party—which currently boasts more wallflowers than live wires.

THE GOOD NEIGHBOR: How the United States Wrote the History of Central America and the Caribbean. *By George Black. Pantheon. 200 pp. Paper $9.95.*

An improbable entry in the Latin American book sweepstakes, *The Good Neighbor* is both imaginative and amusing. Casting sidelong glances at song lyrics, postage stamps, cartoons, advertisements, news photographs and travel brochures, Black gives a century or so of our Latin American neurosis a deep but lively reading.

The allusion to Freud is appropriate: Here are the fears, anxieties, phobias and projections of the standard neurosis, and here too are what Freud described as its secondary gains—in this case, the use of an entire region for the sort of behavior usually forbidden at home. The narrative is swift, packed with historical detail and neither polemical nor tendentious. At less than $10 it also ought to become a classic in the classroom.

REVOLUTIONARIES AND FUNCTIONARIES: The Dual Face of Terrorism. *By Richard Falk. E.P. Dutton. 235 pp. $17.95.*

While one man's terrorist is another man's freedom fighter, the terrorist label has been seized by the right to smear or to oppose, often violently and illegally, the liberationist movements it dislikes. Falk has weighed in with an authoritative condemnation of all such activities by the United States. His service over the years in preventing the right from usurping and perverting the language of international law and normative legitimacy deserves a salute.

PREPARED FOR THE WORST: Selected Essays and Minority Reports. *By Christopher Hitchens. Hill & Wang. 357 pp. $19.95.*

The best of the capacious Hitchens file culled from more than a dozen publications, including this one. Although the author offers up these items in the hope that, taken together, they will help to keep the spirit of confrontation alive, readers will also discover that Hitchens has done as much or more for the English language.

WINNING AMERICA: Ideas and Leadership for the 1990s. *Edited by Marcus Raskin and Chester Hartman. South End Press and the Institute for Policy Studies. 415 pp. Paper $16.*

Thirty-nine persuasive articles on domestic and foreign affairs intended to supply progressive ideas and programs for a new American leadership. Although that leadership now seems farther away than it did at the book's inception, the information and opinions here remain useful. Especially important are the lists of resources—people, organizations and reading material—that accompany each article.

BLAMING THE VICTIMS: Spurious Scholarship and the Palestinian Question. *Edited by Edward Said and Christopher Hitchens. Verso. 296 pp. $13.95.*

An indispensable collection of articles that dissect the wealth of fraudulent scholarship currently devoted to denying the Palestinian people their historical right to a homeland. The seminal pieces here are Edward Said's and Norman Finkelstein's exhaustive dismantlings of Joan Peters's much-praised *From Time Immemorial: The Origins of the Arab-Jewish Conflict Over Palestine.* Other essays are by Noam Chomsky, Christopher Hitchens, Peretz Kidron, G.W. Bowersock, Ibrahim Abu-Lughod and Rashid Khalidi. There is also an immensely useful "Profile of the Palestinians" by five scholars, which lays out Palestinian history, demography, economic circumstances and political organization.

PACKING THE COURTS: The Conservative Campaign to Rewrite the Constitution. *By Herman Schwartz. Scribner's. 242 pp. $19.95.*

The politics of judicial selection is one of the understudied and least understood aspects of our constitutional democracy. Here Schwartz—an activist, scholar and strategist in the successful campaign to derail the nomination of Robert Bork to the Supreme Court—provides a subtle but accessible account of how the Reagan Administration succeeded in packing the lower courts with conservative ideologues as part of its long-range effort to gut the Constitution.

IS SOCIALISM DOOMED?: The Meaning of Mitterrand. *By Daniel Singer. Oxford University Press. 324 pp. $24.95.*

Americans, recently exposed to the pathetic sight of the Democratic presidential candidate cowering before accusations of his *liberalism*, may be unprepared for this brilliant critique of French President François Mitterrand for betraying his own (and a movement's) professed *socialism.*

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Singer, an international treasure as well as an international writer, demonstrates here as in his earlier *The Road to Gdansk* that it is still possible, at least for a European, to be informative, shrewd, witty, tough and idealistic all at the same time. In a world grown both ignorant and callous, Singer upholds the best of historical and social science research along with the highest ideals of the human and socialist spirit.

THE SYKAOS PAPERS. By E.P. Thompson. Pantheon. 482 pp. $19.95.

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AT HOME: Essays 1982–1988. *By Gore Vidal. Random House. 303 pp. $18.95.*

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FILMS.

STUART KLAWANS

We Think the World of You
Tequila Sunrise
Mississippi Burning

The considerable, not always cozy charms of postwar British comedy merge with the nervier pleasures of new English cinema in *We Think the World of You*, Colin Gregg's shaggy-dog story of a man, the man he loves and the German shepherd that comes between them.

With a screenplay by Hugh Stoddart, based on a semiautobiographical novel by J.R. Ackerley, the film has the fondness for literary sources and old-trouper actors so characteristic of traditional British film. The part of the story that deals with class conflict might just as well have been plotted at Ealing Studios; and even the sexual theme might have gotten past the censors in the old days, given a few judicious changes. In those times, the older, upper-class character, instead of being a literary type who likes young men, might have been a naval officer, concerned in a fatherly way with the cockney lad who had served under his command. That's how things were done in the 1950s—at least in films—which is one of the points that keep coming up in *We Think the World of You.*

The film not only recalls the manners of the 1950s but imitates the period's movies as well, from the grainy black-and-white of the opening sequence to Julian Jacobson's zingy score, heavy with woodwinds and xylophones. The mildness of tone is another part of this impersonation—which, curiously enough, underscores what's new and aggressive in the film. The older man is *not* a fatherly naval officer. He is the young man's lover, with no explanations given or, for that matter, expected. One may regard this matter-of-fact attitude as artistic insouciance; but recent changes in British law have added to its meaning. In view of the statute forbidding the promotion of homosexuality (whatever that means), *We Think the World of You* reads like an act of political defiance—a genial but firm refusal to go back to the 1950s.

Frank (Alan Bates) has achieved a *modus vivendi* with young Johnny and with Johnny's wife, Megan. (The latter are played by Gary Oldman, best known for *Prick Up Your Ears*, and Frances Barber, the Rosie of *Sammy and Rosie Get Laid*, who merely by their presence add a subtle, new-cinema dimension to their roles.) Frank is warmly protective with Johnny, icily polite with Megan and generally satisfied with things as they are. Then comes the rupture: Johnny is arrested on a burglary charge and put away for a year. To Frank, this turn of events seems not much worse than an inconvenience. He handles it by venturing into the slums once a month to visit Johnny's mother and stepfather, to drink tea, chat with urbane self-assurance and leave a few pounds in the jar on the mantel. Except for his jealousy at Meagan's being allowed to visit Johnny in prison, Frank handles it all with equanimity—until he meets the dog.

No, not a dog: a slobbering, four-legged id; a chained brute, howling for freedom out of the depths of the slums; a misty-eyed innocent, abused and neglected; an ideally compliant lover, eager for Frank's every touch; a hairy, pointy-eared, mammalian sponge, ready to soak up every emotion in her vicinity. When Frank first sets eyes on her, Evie seems to be no more than a German shepherd. But by the end of the film, when we see her snuggling up with Frank before the fireside, brandy at hand and *La Traviata* on the gramophone, Evie has concentrated all the complexities of love and class into her sleek brown form.

The film's younger generation of actors could hardly be more convincing—Oldman with a succession of unexplained but quite plausible cuts and bruises about his head, Barber with a blank-faced stare that seems the incarnation of working-class passive resistance. The old troupers are a delight as well, with Liz Smith and Max Wall, as Johnny's flirtatious mother and dour stepfather, bringing lifetimes of character tics to their roles. Best of all is Alan Bates, who performs with remarkable aplomb, considering that he plays most of his scenes opposite not only a dog but also a couple of children who might have been cast by the ghost of W.C. Fields. Bates responds to this challenge much as Frank responds to the frustration and irrationality that surround him: with the frayed patience of a man who believes that he, perhaps alone in the world, is being reasonable. If you have been lucky enough to see Bates's impersonation of Guy Burgess in *An Englishman Abroad*, you will know what order of pleasure to anticipate.

Betsy, in the crucial role of Evie, proves to be a screen discovery with star

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potential. I only hope that filmmakers resist the obvious temptation and avoid casting her against Mike, who was terribly overrated in his last outing with Paul Mazursky.

You see a lot of golden sunsets in *Tequila Sunrise* but not a single dawn. Even the laws of nature have been overturned in Robert Towne's new film. The plot involves cocaine trafficking, but the substance most in abuse is alcohol; the theme concerns love and friendship, but the principal action is betrayal, at the rate of about one double-cross every five minutes for an hour and a half.

So complete is the moral anarchy of *Tequila Sunrise* that one must look for precedents not in film noir—including Towne's own script for *Chinatown*—but in the Wild West nihilism of Sam Peckinpah. On the surface, *Tequila Sunrise* may indeed belong to the genre of *The Big Sleep* and has a plot at a comparable level of difficulty. In its sensibility, though, the film is closer to *The Wild Bunch*, with treachery substituted for shoot-outs. The audience gets its thrill not from the abandon and élan with which people are blown apart but from the gaiety of invention with which characters use each other. Even the most honorable of them, a drug dealer who is trying to retire, is true to no principle beyond his sexual desires.

Mac (Mel Gibson) wants to run a legitimate business, raise his son properly and maybe have an affair with Jo Ann (Michelle Pfeiffer), the manager of his favorite restaurant. Unfortunately, nobody wants him to retire—not his drug-world associates, not his customers and least of all the police. Federal agents hope that Mac will handle one last shipment, thus leading them to a legendary cocaine boss named Carlos. The local cop in charge of the case is Nick (Kurt Russell)—the newly appointed head of the Los Angeles County narcotics squad, and Mac's oldest friend. If this sounds complicated, bear in mind that we're scarcely past the opening credits. Soon Nick meets Jo Ann; soon she goes to bed with him; soon he and Mac are batting her back and forth like a ping-pong ball.

In Hollywood, where professional esteem is calibrated precisely in dollars, Towne is thought to be the most highly regarded writer in the business. It's easy to understand how he earns that reputation. *Tequila Sunrise* is a screenwriter's feat of daredevilry—an endless plot twist, sustained by perfectly pitched, perfectly Hollywood-like dialogue and directed (also by Towne) with ruthless efficiency. Perhaps his coldest stroke as director was to cast Pfeiffer as the inadvertent femme fatale. Her character stirs up trouble merely because she speaks in single entendres, while everyone around her is listening for two meanings at once. She is socially poised, literal-minded and ideally beautiful—and so Towne has brought in Pfeiffer, who looks too good to be true, speaks all her lines clearly and does not bump into the furniture. One cannot say she portrays the character, but as a representation she could hardly be better.

Moving up the scale, we have Mel Gibson, who plays the drug dealer with boyish charm, and Kurt Russell as the cop, whose every gesture is the work of paid, professional insincerity. Raul Julia, the film's fourth star, gets the most flamboyant of the roles and carries it off grandly, as a man who conducts his life as if it were an opera. He alone expresses a coherent moral position, in a tirade on the importance of friendship. It's basically the same idea Ernest Borgnine articulated in *The Wild Bunch* when he bellowed, "It's not your word that matters, it's who you give it to." In Julia's version, the important point is that you can choose your friends, though not your family or your lovers. "How can you blame a man for where his cock points?" he asks. "It's like blaming a compass for pointing north."

Nevertheless, when the choice must be made, *Tequila Sunrise* suggests that a man should go with magnetism. It's the one law, natural or otherwise, that gets

Edvard Grieg
The Man and the Artist

By Finn Benestad and Dag Schjelderup-Ebbe
Translated by William H. Halverson and Leland B. Sateren

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any respect here. Maybe that's why the film ultimately seems cold and almost machine-tooled. In *The Big Sleep*, Humphrey Bogart was involved with a woman, not a well-wrought chunk of iron. Bogart also assumed there might be a reason to hold stubbornly to some moral code, however personal it might be, however depraved the world in which one applied it. William Holden managed to do the same, even in the moral zero gravity of *The Wild Bunch*. His word *did* matter, and so he achieved a kind of nobility. *Tequila Sunrise*, though, gives us a world in which cleverness is everything—the characters try to outsmart each other, and the filmmaker outsmarts them all. When it's over, nothing has mattered. I left the theater wholly devoid of emotion.

In *Mississippi Burning*, a fiction film loosely based on the case of Schwerner, Cheney and Goodman, *everything* matters. Here is a movie with its heart and mind in the right place—though its faults are all too obvious. As directed by Alan Parker from a screenplay by Chris Gerolmo, the film concentrates so thoroughly on its white characters that the blacks don't even have names. On top of that, the principal whites are two F.B.I. agents (Gene Hackman and Willem Dafoe) who operate according to the conventions of buddy pictures. One is middle-aged, earthy, experienced, a Southerner by birth; the other is young, puritanical, inflexible, a Northerner on a crusade. Unsympathetic viewers might say the film makes it seem as if the civil rights movement succeeded only because these two white men, in the manner of movie buddies, learned to work together and like each other. If you should find any viewers who are that unsympathetic, though, you'd better check their vital signs, because *Mississippi Burning* is a rousing, rewarding, thoroughly absorbing drama about a turning point in American history. The only real objection I can see is that it took an Englishman to make it.

Perhaps the most impressive aspect of Alan Parker's direction of *Mississippi Burning* is its tact—not an easy quality to maintain in a film full of shootings, firebombings, beatings and lynchings. From his first choice of image (a pair of drinking fountains labeled "White" and "Colored") to his last (the vandalized tombstone of a civil rights worker), Parker assumes his viewers already know what the story is about and why it's important. Even when shooting a Klan meeting, he all but overcomes the temptation to show close-ups of geeks. When Hackman receives the confession that will break the case, he and the woman who confides in him are in long-shot, as if the camera shouldn't intrude more than necessary on the characters; and when the bodies of the three civil rights workers are discovered in the next scene, the camera is still far away, letting the audience witness, but not imposing on them.

This same tact carries over to the buddy-picture convention, which Parker uses as if assuming the audience knows the rules. Having set up the dramatic framework with a few hints, he leaves the actors free to play their characters, which they do with great authority. I imagine Gene Hackman's performance will be compared with his work in *The French Connection*, not only because of the tough-cop act but also because of his sense of ease. He seems entirely without affectation, as if anything he did—anything at all—would be in character. This is more than spontaneity. Most other actors seem to wear their roles like an exoskeleton; with Hackman, the part is simply his skin. Willem Dafoe does nearly as well, though his is a far less sympathetic role, which actually calls for rigidity. It's hard to make a humorless man seem attractive. Dafoe, to his credit, doesn't even try, though he *does* make sure the audience (and Hackman) comes to respect his character.

In the role of Mrs. Pell—the unhappy wife of a Klan member—Frances McDormand provides the emotional and narrative crux of the film. She is the only person in town who can break the case for the F.B.I.; whether she will choose to do so depends partly on her conscience and partly on the understanding that develops between her and Hackman. It's a role that requires some delicate stepping, but McDormand moves through it with grace and understated strength. As her husband, Brad Dourif turns in another of his unnervingly convincing portrayals of borderline psychotics. I wish I could praise some of the excellent black actors as well. Unfortunately, there's no way to match them with the nameless characters on the screen.

But that is my only serious complaint. *Mississippi Burning* is intelligent, deeply affecting filmmaking about themes that are of the essence of American lives. I would encourage everyone to see it. And if there are readers who still harbor doubts about the picture's ideological purity, let me answer one last objection: Yes, the film calls J. Edgar Hoover a jerk. □

ART.

ARTHUR C. DANTO

Anselm Kiefer

The fear that art can sink the state is the dark obverse of the faith that art alone can save it. The Nazi sequestration of "degenerate art" is one face of the same false coin whose other face is typified by Adorno's sentimentalism that "the poetical act (in the general sense that includes all the arts) is the quintessential historical act." Both views emerged together in the bitter strife between poetry and philosophy in ancient times. It was Plato who urged the expulsion of artists from the ideal republic, but who also, just in case, evolved a theory of art that so thoroughly trivialized it that, even today, art for the sake of aesthetics alone is a political weapon in the hands of conservative critics. It was Aristophanes who believed, just when things looked blackest for Athens, that only if one of the great dramatists could be summoned back from Hades was there any hope at all. At just that fateful moment, when the Spartans were drawn up outside its walls and the great spring offensive was being drafted, when Athens had been through pestilence, defection, breakdown, humiliation and defeat, leave it to the muddled reactionary mind of Aristophanes to diagnose the difficulties as due to the lack of great art! The decline of Greek art, in a late post-mortem by Nietzsche, was attributed to the triumph of reason over myth. True to form, the artist whom Aristophanes has his comic hero in *The Frogs* drag back from the nether world embodies the belief that myth must trump reason if art is to discharge its redemptive function. Language had better be portentous, exalted, obscure and grand if the Athenian populace is to be led by art into a new moral era.

The Aristophanic charge to art is to produce work that is dense, dark, prophetic, heroic, mythic, runic, arcane, dangerous, reassuring, accusatory, reinforcing, grandiloquent, too compelling for mere reason to deal with, fraught, fearful, bearing signs that the artist is in touch with powers that will make us whole, and is spiritual, oceanic, urgent,

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romantic and vast. Since Wagner no one has sought more scrupulously to comply with this imperative than Anselm Kiefer, whose sludged and operatic fabrications have moved to tears viewers who felt they saw in them a remorseful Teutonic conscience. It is widely accepted that Kiefer views it as his mission to reconnect Germany with its true heroic past and prod it in the direction of its true heroic future. Far and away the most encouraging news from that scary country in recent years is the fact that it has managed to remain indifferent to this artist, who instead has found a market in Salle-Schnabel land. Far and away the most tou hing fact is that his patrons, character tically Jewish, according to recent in rviews, should see in his work evide ice of Deutschland's contrition over t Holocaust. The work is willfully c scure enough that it can be interpreted t at way, and sufficiently filled with ames, ruins, charred stumps and slurried wastes that one can see agony and he ashes of slaughtered innocents incribed in its dreary surfaces. But it is far nore plausible that it is a sustained visul lament for a shattered *Vaterland*, a reall to the myths of triumph and heroic will and a summons to fulfillment of ome Nordic promise—as if the comortable German present must be shaken ut of its commercial complacencies and rodded into some serious game of dungeons and dragons through which it will egain its destiny. "I do not identify with Nero or Hitler," the catalogue cites him s saying, "but I have to reenact what hey did just a little bit in order to understand the madness. That is why I make hese attempts to become a fascist."

One way of endearing oneself to the curatorial establishment while at the same ime impressing the wider populace that pontaneously equates obscurity with rofundity is to stuff one's work with a arce of heavy symbolism which the former can use to justify its existence by explaining to the latter. Aside from the verall perniciousness of Kiefer's crackot message, he is in this respect no worse than Salle or Schnabel, both of whom early recognized the benefits of ncoherence. The catalogue for Kiefer's how is a morass of portentous exegesis y Mark Rosenthal, a dazzled enthusist, and the staff of the Museum of Modrn Art has obligingly furnished visitors with a handout lexicon of hermetic definitions they can use to unriddle meanings planted there. ("Yggdrasil: In Norse mythology, the World-Ash. . . ."; "Arminius (Hermann): The chieftain of a German tribe that in the year A.D. 9. . . ."; "Kyffhäusser: Mountains where Germans believed. . . ." *Und so wieder.*)

Symbolic art, in the scheme of Kiefer's luminous compatriot, the philosopher Hegel, is the lowest order of fine art, largely because one has to learn the meaning of a symbol the way one learns the meaning of a name—by a lexical rule of the sort provided in the MoMA glossary. Since symbols no more than names wear their meanings on their faces, knowledge of what a symbol means is something one has to be told—and it immediately allows a division between those in the know, a kind of curatorial priest class, and those who can only have the secrets disclosed or revealed to them as a kind of privilege. With art of a higher order, the power of the priest vanishes, for with great art the meaning penetrates the work, so that to perceive is to understand. Even within symbolic art itself, a distinction is available between narrow and universal symbols.

Kiefer's acknowledged master, Joseph Beuys, also trafficked in symbols. These were derived from his personal experience as a wrecked airman in World War II, when he had the luck to crash among northern peoples who covered him with fat and wrapped him in felt, nursing him back from death. This powerful experience yielded a powerful personal myth, but the symbols of fat and felt manage to express universal feelings of nurture, warmth, healing, care and life. Kiefer's symbols are purely external, the kind you look up in books. And his experience is merely that of an art student who has had no life outside art to speak of or draw upon. Beuys, though a symbolic artist, managed to transcend the inherent limitations of that genre by creating works so full of human meaning that one encountered one's deepest self in encountering them. It was work that was frightening in its implication of a deserted world, stripped of brightness and warmth. Kiefer's work does not have this as its content but as its form: It is empty, stripped of brightness and warmth by an act of showmanly will in order to transmit a sense of false despair. The work is as black and rude as he can make it, as dessicated as the straw he glues on with the same cagey obscurantism that drove Schnabel to stick cracked dishes all over his canvases.

When, on the other hand, the rules of interpretation are known and, as it were, commonplace, then Kiefer's use of them is jejune and dishonest. Consider his employment of the palette as a symbol for art. This is a dishonest use in that the palette represents precisely that order of painting that Kiefer rejects. The palette evolved, of course, with the technology of oil paint: It enabled the artist to array hues and tones in a convenient and perspicuous way, and provided a surface on which they could be mixed in small quantities. The dabs of pigment imply the delicacy of touch that goes with fine brushes, and so they condense an entire attitude toward painting as a fine art, each component of which, when negated, yields a component of Kiefer's art. "Kiefer claims," the catalogue informs us, "that only the French use a range of colors, and that he, belonging to the German people, is unfamiliar with such practice." Who can suppress a shudder at the idea of asking "How German is it?" (*Wie Deutsch ist es?*)—to appropriate the title of Walter Abish's powerful novel—in front of a painting one dismisses as "French" because it uses colors? Kiefer also, of course, rejects brushes, possibly for similar reasons of Aryan authenticity—pouring, dripping, wiping, splashing, lathering his work with black gunk and straw as if tarring and feathering it. So the palette, if it symbolizes painting, connects with an artistic practice so at odds with what Kiefer demonstrates that he has no right to claim it for his own.

Claim it, however, he does, even attaching a pair of leaden wings to the palette in an ill-advised piece of sculpture which means (take out your notebooks!) the Victory of Art. The high-flying palette, moreover, is a motif in painting after painting. It is scribbled like a graffito in shaving cream over the surface of a photograph of what looks like a bombed-out shelter. It appears without wings in a work (to which I shall return) called *The Starred Heavens*, in the position of the heart in what looks like a self-portrait in a nightshirt. A palette on a skinny pedestal stands isolated in an architectural setting taken over from Albert Speer's designs for Hitler and is titled *To the Unknown Painter*. And sundry palettes flutter and perch on various scabrous surfaces and in various squalid interiors, making the cumulative point that an artist is the soldier-hero transformed, and will bring us together with the myths we need to redeem us. The works themselves are supposed to embody the ideal they express. And yet the palette as depicted is so slack, floppy, desultory and casual as to demonstrate its inadequacy

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to discharge the ponderous task thrust upon it. Of course it would be possible to see these as nationalistic caricatures at the expense of the French, in which case they would convey the inability of French art to be politically redemptive—but this implies a level of wit and urbanity to which Kiefer is opposed.

Beneath this absurd masquerade—his sorcerer's robe, his alchemical staff, his winged Wagnerian helmet, his Arminian (Arminius: "chieftain of a German tribe. . . .") spear—there is an artist with certain natural gifts. One can see this in his woodcuts, where white paper flickers against black ink, the visible grain of wood bleeds through the image, and great power is conveyed by the signs of cutting and gouging. The colored woodcut rarely achieves the power of the black-and-white woodblock print, and I suppose a case could be made that the latter is in some way an essentially Germanic form. When Kiefer uses the woodcut, as in his image of the horse Grane in the immense work *Brunhilde-Grane*, you can see what strength he could command as a graphic artist. There is a woodcut of architectural motif in *The Rhine*, and in *Ways of Wordly Wisdom* there are some extremely effective woodcut portraits whose painted counterparts in another work are as flabby as the flying palette.

Moreover, Kiefer can on occasion rise to statements that are touching and even moving. One work I especially admired is called *Women of the Revolution*, composed of five immense lead sheets, across which are mounted dusty frames each containing a dried flower, and each having written underneath the name of some woman connected (usually as a victim) with the French Revolution. Somehow the massiveness of the lead plates and the fragility of the memorializing flowers and the scribbled names is quite powerful and affective. It is, moreover, immediately understood, and needs no help from the eager curatorial explicators.

Most of the work, however, is the usual Wagnerian war music, tooted and thumped by the oompah brass of the marching bands of German nationalism, a heavy-handed compost of shallow ideas and foggy beliefs. "Kiefer fears modern culture," one text says, "with its emphasis on rationality and progress, and warns against intellectual as opposed to visceral understanding." And there we have the good old command to think with the blood, which brings us back to *The Starred Heavens*. The author of the catalogue drops a footnote in which he writes: "Harten (Dusseldorf, 1984, p. 124) states that the quote is based on Kant's *Critique of Practical Reason.*" Now this is not the kind of attribution someone has to "state." It is not, as it were, like the speculative identification of some piece of Nordic mythography. The phrase is not "based" upon Kant's text: It *is* Kant's text, and indeed one of the glories of Kant's prose. There, in the conclusion to the *Critique of Practical Reason*, Kant writes: "Two things fill the mind with ever new and increasing admiration and awe, the oftener and more steadily they are contemplated: the starry heavens above me, and the moral law within me." Kiefer's work, which shows a palette shining (in the manner in which Keith Haring shows things shining) within the artist's breast, is obviously meant to proclaim that art, thus symbolized, is the moral law within, as awesome as the starry heavens above (depicted here with some blobs of white paint against some black scribbles). This is, however, not a conception to which the artist has a right, any more than he has to the palette he has abducted into his vocabulary.

Kant was a cosmopolitan man. He believed in reason and in enlightenment and in the progress of the human intellect. He would have despised the idea that one writer ascribes to Kiefer: "Civilization was removing man further and further from his instinctual foundations, so that a gulf opened between nature and mind, between unconscious and consciousness"—a gulf that Beuys's and Kiefer's art is supposed to close. But Kant accepts as moral only laws grounded in rationality, only what a rational being can consistently will. And he accepts only a concept of beauty that is tacitly universal, hence a view of art incompatible with something narrowly Germanic and thought with the blood. Kant's ideas are noble and always threatened, and they are inconsistent with everything in which this wayward talent believes.

This exhibition is now at the Museum of Modern Art, having had a triumphant progress from Philadelphia through Chicago and Los Angeles, to New York. It closes on January 3, 1989, not a day too soon. □

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MUSIC.

GENE SANTORO

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Kenny Barron Quintet's *Live at Fat Tuesday's* (enja). The art of musical conversation called bebop is discussed by five ultra-skilled journeymen at the top of their craft.

Gene Bertoncini and Michael Moore's *The Art of the Duo* (Stash). Soft-spoken guitar/bass team restates the jazz guitar tradition with some twists.

The Paul Bley Quartet (ECM). Bley's angular compositions and piano find their perfect foil in Bill Frisell's smeared-in-the-tonal-cracks guitar, John Surman's winding sax and Paul Motian's unpredictable drums.

Boyoyo Boys' *TJ Today* (Rounder). The band that inspired *Graceland* works catchy, exuberant grooves and apparently minimalist lines into a dance-floor dream; South Africa's Meters or MGs.

Chuck Brown & the Soul Searchers' *Any Other Way to Go?* (Rhythm Attack). Go-go refracts musical ghosts with a full swinging band; godfather of go-go Brown forces your brain to spin out on the dance floor while you're wiping sweat from your eyes.

Mzikayifani Buthelezi's *Fashion Maswedi* (Rounder). A traditionalist Zulu star whose raw vocals tell tales over music that mingles the tribal past with European elements.

Don Byas on Blue Star (EmArcy). Byas, burly-toned tenorman who replaced Lester Young in Basie's band, in-

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fuses the Hawkins sound with bop's harmonic and rhythmic inflections.

Betty Carter's *Look What I Got* (Verve). She dices songs with razor-edged irony: witty tempo jump-cuts, archly staggered phrasing and a kittenish curl of a voice that sounds inhaled.

John Carter's *Fields* (Gramavision). The fourth of five suites on black African history shifts to the New World; evocative musical vignettes illustrate how economics powers history and culture.

Tracy Chapman (Elektra). Tales of power and menace—love, racism and sexism are the structural components of the world Chapman builds with unsentimental lyrics, musical elements culled from all over and a sinuously bittersweet voice.

Ornette Coleman and Prime Time's *Virgin Beauty* (Portrait). The psychedelic mix softens it, but Ornette's density is still a polyglot marvel, anarchic dialogues that resolve around his whinnying, wailing alto and trumpet.

Steve Coleman's *sine die* (Pangaea). Funk and hip-hop and bebop spiral compellingly, partly thanks to Cassandra Wilson's Ella-for-the-80s vocals.

The Colorblind James Experience (Fundamental). Off-the-wall lyrics (the opening two-step is called "Why'd the Boy Throw the Clock Out the Window?" and they just get weirder) over parodied country and blues.

John Coltrane's *Africa/Brass* Volumes 1 & 2 (Impulse!). Classic two-record date on single CD combines Trane's more modal explorations with Mingus's big-band concept via Eric Dolphy's charts.

Cowboy Junkies' *The Trinity Session* (RCA). They up the intensity without upping the decibels: a cappella folkie ballads, road-weary laments, Hank Williams tunes and neo-psychedelic stuff showcase Billie Holiday–meets–Sandy Denny vocals and the persistent pain of the blues.

dBs' *Like This* (Rhino). A peculiarly American blend of regional musics and 1960s psychedelic sounds and the post-punk sensibility of Peter Holsapple, whose raw vocals and gnomic lyrics ache and smirk at the same time.

Zani Diabate & The Super Djata Band (Mango). Space-age guitar sounds and traditional *kora* floating lines and pulsive dance beats behind tone-fracturing Islamic vocals.

Steve Earle's *Copperhead Road* (Uni). Panoramic view of middle America, musically (from its Celtic-sired hill-country roots) and lyrically.

Marty Ehrlich's *Pliant Plaint* (enja). Young multi-reedman leads exciting quartet in refreshingly diverse compositions that run from gutbucket blues to bebop inflections to funk to free.

Explorer Series (Nonesuch). Ear-opening eavesdropping on traditional musics from round the globe; best bets are *Africa*, *Japan*, *Kingdom of the Sun*, and *Village Music of Bulgaria*.

Bill Evans and Jim Hall's *Intermodulation* (Verve). Telepathic interaction by two of the most harmonically sophisticated and emotionally understated minds in mainstream jazz.

Gil Evans and Steve Lacy's *Paris Blues* (Owl). Just a coupla guys on piano and soprano sax who reinvent compositions by themselves, Ellington and Mingus via improvisational turns.

The Art Farmer Quintet's *Blame It on My Youth* (Contemporary). With raspy-toned saxist Clifford Jordan, fluegelhornist Farmer paints over standards and originals with his glowing tone.

Ella Fitzgerald Sings the Duke Ellington Song Book (Verve). Two giants meet as if they were made for each other, with the ace mid-1950s band as witness.

Folklyric Series (Folklyric) collects old-time Caribbean sounds: *Where Was Butler?*, a calypso documentary about a

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charismatic reformer of Trinidad's labor politics in the 1930s; *Biguines From Martinique*, a collection of late 1920s–early 1930s dance music; *Sexteto Habanero* and *Sexteto Bolona*, from the Roots of Salsa set, spotlight those contemporary 1920s combos.

Jimmy Forrest's *All the Gin Is Gone* (Delmark). After working with Jay McShann and others, this tenorman scored with "Night Train"; this bebop-to-blues date moves him from silky smooth to heated.

Bill Frisell's *Lookout for Hope* (ECM). Tripwire beats and daredevil soloing from a guitar master whose taut compositions move from metalloid meltdown to minimalism-meets-bebop, from hangdog country aches to reggae-inflected grit.

Danny Gatton's *Unfinished Business* (NRG). Les Paul disciple romps from jazz to rockabilly with six-string razzle-dazzle; even when he overplays, he's a guitarist's guitarist.

Charlie Haden and Paul Motian, featuring Geri Allen: *Etudes* (Soul Note). Young keyboardist meets champion rhythm section; their reading of Ornette's "Lonely Woman" alone is worth the price.

Craig Harris and Tailgater's Tales' *Blackout in the Square Root of Soul* (JMT). Mixes jagged horn sections, African folk tapes, updated blues guitar, odd synthesizer programming and flatout blowing with shifting, thoughtful charts.

Toots Hibbert's *Toots in Memphis* (Mango). Gruff-voiced Otis Redding fan joins Sly and Robbie and all-star soul sessioneers to revamp 1960s soul classics; the results slink and bump and pump it out to make your backbone slip.

The Quintessential Billy Holiday, Vols. I-IV (Columbia). Just what the title says: mid-1930s classics by Lady Day in great form with great accomplices.

Dave Holland Trio's *Triplicate* (ECM). Steve Coleman on alto, Jack DeJohnette on drums, snaky tunes and a coiled sound that implies a lot more than a trio can explicate.

Etta James's *Seven Year Itch* (Island). Mountainous belter with a volcanic voice goes back to Muscle Shoals; the soulful result covers uptempo stomps, midtempo grinds and deep blues.

Jesus and Mary Chain's *Barbed Wire Kisses* (Warner Bros.). Guitars that whine with the implacable grunge of the Velvet Underground, and lyrics that can shear off the top of your head; these rare sides include bent takes of "Surfing USA" and "Who Do You Love."

Flaco Jimenez's *Flaco's Amigos* (Arhoolie). The conjunto accordion great struts with pals Ry Cooder, Peter Rowan and Van Dyke Parks on rancheras and polkas and boleros.

Steve Jordan's *The Return of El Parche* (Rounder). Upbeat and driving Tex-Mex party-downs, this collection from the last decade includes a skewed take of "Yakety Yak."

Kassav's *Vini Pou* (Epic). From the French Antilles via Paris, and the effervescent, nonstop groove they call *zouk* is an infectious amalgam of calypso, compas, reggae, African beats and American rock and soul.

Paul Kelly and the Messengers' *Under the Sun* (A&M). An eclectic mélange of generic lifts from blues to rockabilly recombine with some oddball curves and offbeat lyrics.

Rahsaan Roland Kirk's *The Inflated Tear* (Atlantic). From New Orleans blues dirges to cool jazz, from Ellington tributes to muscular boppish brawls, multihorn wielder Kirk could pour his soul into sound, make it visible and make you laugh or weep.

Last Exit's *Iron Path* (Virgin). Bassist Bill Laswell plus guitarist Sonny Sharrock plus reedman Peter Brontzmann plus drummer Ronald Shannon Jackson equals unnameable sonic lunacy Jimi Hendrix would've loved.

The Leaders' *Out Here Like This . . .* (Black Saint). A broad compositional range and AACM-style blowing—which means free and full of *outré* sounds—at its best, with Lester Bowie, Arthur Blythe, Chico Freeman, Kirk Lightsey, Cecil McBee and Don Moye.

Living Colour's *Vivid* (Epic). A heady, raunchy brew that mind-melds social/political vignettes with molten metal, weepy country lilts and touches of punk, funk, reggae and hip-hop to depict America's deep racial divisions.

Lyle Lovett's *Pontiac* (MCA). He looks like Eraserhead via *Deliverance*, and leans his smoky vocals so far back against the beat he almost falls through; wry, deftly off-kilter tales.

Lonnie Mack's *Roadhouses and Dance Halls* (Epic). Roadhouse raunch served up with the generous dose of gospel-blues fervor and guitar finesse you'd expect from the man who cut "Wham!" in 1963.

Malathini and the Mahotella Queens' *Thokozile* (Virgin). A lead voice somewhere between blues great Charley Patton's growl and Clarence (Frogman) Henry's croak, the heavenly response of a female backing trio and thudding *mbaqanga* beats.

Miriam Makeba's *Sangoma* (Warner Bros.). Collecting songs from tribal cultures, she wraps them in her rich voice, now yodeling and lilting, now throaty and intent.

Bob Marley and the Wailers' *Soul Revolution 1 and 2* (Trojan). A two-record set (produced by Lee Perry), one prevocals and the other postvocals, eavesdrops on a key reggae workshop.

Megadeth's *So Far, So Good . . . So What!* (Capitol). Structured metal with brains and a guitar attack compacted from head-banger excess to tooth-loosening trim; takes on nuclear destruction, Tipper Gore, drunk driving and more.

Metallica's . . . *And Justice For All* (Elektra). Most metal is politically neutered or worse; these guys, like Megadeth, have learned to harness the thrash and focus their anger.

Roger Miller's *Oh* (Forced Exposure). Guitar-armed sonic explorer (formerly of Mission of Burma) goes outside, includes a Sun Ra classic.

Charles Mingus's *Shoes of the Fisherman's Wife* (Columbia). Between the

LIFE

On a walk, on a stone walk
whose visage is an aggregate
bleached in the sun,
each slab is hard and docile,
a magnanimous square
sown with mica chips

one of which could be
the final decimal point
of data in the collecting jar
of the world, the bit
that (easily as a firefly
closes its acrid wings
and holds the round
and glassy wall) causes
one to trust in solid ground.

Home from the walk,
say, "I'm home,"
and there the kitchen door,
bevelled in lavendar tubes
of light elicited by carpenter's
ideas of how to coax the sun,
may destine you to choose,
someday, a box of fancy soaps:
three cakes like three sisters
wrapped in pleated tissue,
sealed with gold paper seals.
Each egg of lavendar released
is plump and smooth in the palm,
the weight the weight of promise.

Emily Hiestand

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mournful to silky to spiraling title track and two nods to Duke (e.g., "Mood Indigo") it's essential; Mingus revised the Big Band sound into something still being investigated.

Mission of Burma (Rykodisc). Tape ricks and electronic sound-shapers and arling, slamming guitars combine with adaist lyrics to create a powerful musi- l force-field whose echoes linger in oups like the Smiths and Sonic Youth.

Modern Jazz Quartet's *For Ellington* (ast-West). A collection of classic tes like "Ko-Ko" and "Jack the Bear" ("ome Sunday" is CD only) treated wh loving and inventive respect.

Mofungo's *Bugged* (SST). Pop history an political commitment brewed through wi ped buzz-saw guitars, sneering voca, punning lyrics and a satiric concept th 's fast, fast, fast.

helonious Monk's *The Composer* (Co umbia). The maestro plays his sharpcor ered tunes, mostly with Charlie Rouse on enor in a quartet, a couple with Ol er Nelson Big Band charts.

ank Morgan's *Yardbird Suite* (Contem orary). Unlike neoboppers' neatly con ed textures, grainy, sinewy altoist Mo an and his group deliberately fray thei on tunes identified with Bird.

P l Motian Quintet's *Misterioso* (Soul Note). Always provocative jazz potpourri with the drummer's stinging compositions and lots of guitarist Bill Frisell.

Da d Murray Trio's *The Hill* (Black Saint). Wide-open format for brainy/brawn blowing by the man on tenor and ba s clarinet.

Le M stere des Voix Bulgares, Vol. 2 (Nones h). The second half of last year's unexpe ed crowd-pleaser. A more intimate se ing: Trio Bulgarka's *The Forest Is Cryi* (Carthage).

Char Parker's *Bird/Savoy Master Takes* (S voy). A terrific two-CD survey of the fe e time 1944-48. *Bird: The Original Rec dings on Verve* (Polygram). A fine C selection from the ten-CD set, from a id the landslide of Parker reissues.

Graham P ker's *The Mona Lisa's Sister* (RCA). He's replaced that ineffable smile with irror shades, a snarl, a cigarette, pun-p pelled lyrics, switchblade humor an cutting rock and roll.

Ann Peebles's *Greatest Hits* (Hi/MCA). Her suppl voice breaks with the gospel longing tha haunted its secular cousin soul, and the ines are gold—one each on the Toots an Etta albums listed.

Astor Piazzolla's *ango: Zero Hour* (Pangaea) and *Con erto para Bandoneon* (Nonesuch). Via Piazzolla, tango combined with Impressionism, Mingus and unexpected jazzy jabs and pokes. The first album catches his quintet live; the second puts him with the orchestra of St. Luke's.

Pop Will Eat Itself's *Box Frenzy* (Rough Trade). Exactly, and here are ironic industrial-strength excerpts from its digestion.

Bobby Previte's *Claude's Late Morning* (Gramavision). A formidable percussionist and composer, Previte's downtown jazz builds and splices moods with intensity and wit.

Public Enemy's *It Takes a Nation of Millions to Hold us Back* (Columbia). It sure does: dense atmosphere, staggeringly inventive crosscuts and a fistful of powerful points.

Dudu Pukwana's *In the Townships* (Virgin). South African jazz is leavened with pop; here it's played by some of the best.

Ramones Mania (Sire). This two-record set clips the high points from the band's admittedly woolly but seminal career.

Django Reinhardt's *Djangologie* (Swing). This fine sounding, five-LP boxed set captures the gypsy guitar king in a wide variety of contexts, with U.S jazzers like Coleman Hawkins, Benny Carter and his own famed Quintet with violinist Stephane Grappelli.

R.E.M.'s *Green* (Warner Bros.). Guitarist Buck calls it bubble-gum heavy metal. The Stones oughta listen hard to "Turn You Inside-Out" before they record next year; the textures and lyrics are hypnotic even when you've got no idea what the songs are about.

Keith Richards's *Talk Is Cheap* (Virgin). Sound-scavenger takes the Stones' hiatus and grunges up a batch of scruffy hooks, scruffier vocals and incredibly scruffy sidemen.

Hank Roberts's *Black Pastels* (JMT). Electronic cellist goes from drone to wail to Delta blues, and keening vocals echo Tibetan chanting; a pastoral landscape harboring whining ghosts.

David Rudder and Charlie Roots's *Haiti* (Sire). Trinidadian soca swirls together calypso, reggae, salsa, merengue, rock and touches of 1960s soul; Rudder's husky tenor, over roiling grooves, alternates between party conceits and political gibes.

Salt 'n' Pepa's *A Salt With a Deadly Pepa* (Next Plateau). High-powered female trio invades the male hip-hop preserve with hooky musical allusions and heavy word-smithing.

EVENTS.

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Sonny Sharrock Band's *Seize the Rainbow* (Enemy). With the subtlety of a cellist bowing with a chain saw, this guitar maniac disassembles—maybe that's disembowels—most of music history.

Shinehead's *Unity* (Elektra). Jamaican rapper uses songs by Bob Marley, The Beatles, Sam Cooke, the Singing Nun and you name it as backing for these pleas against crack and racism et al.

Michelle Shocked's *Short Sharp Shocked* (PolyGram). Her folk-punk sensibility and blues-stoked voice over a backdrop laced with skidding guitars and hairpin turns on honky-tonkers' tricks.

Siouxsie and the Banshees' *Peepshow* (Geffen). Whiplash rhythms, industrial sonics and insinuating female vocals that deliver lyrics about soft-core porn, twisted lullabies and Stalinism.

Sonic Youth's *Daydream Nation* (Blast First). Mindwarping textures from odd-tuned guitars at decibel levels that make roaches squirm and overwhelm Dadaist lyrics that feel like a schizophrenic's tourist snapshots.

The Sugarcubes' *Life's Too Good* (Elektra). Icelandic neopsychedelia: arching vocals, cheesy organs, droning guitars, gauzy poetic lyrics and beats from meditative to fierce.

Philip Tabane's *Malombo* (Kaya). He picks guitar with fingers and toes while tootling multiple penny whistles and singing; his songs segue outrageously across generic lines while he grunts and groans with a deliberately ragged appeal.

Talking Heads' *Naked* (Fly/Sire). David Byrne's self-conscious lyrics and the jammed-out-in-the-studio grooves reprise and explore the West's mind/body split and its imperialist, racist outgrowths, while forcing you out onto the floor.

Television's *Marquee Moon* (Elektra). Dual guitar work that slashes and burns over a slamming beat while ironic lyrics tweak your head; Television reinvented rock and roll from a mix of Mingus and Ornette, the Yardbirds, the Byrds and the Grateful Dead.

They Might Be Giants (Bar None). Rock and roll vaudeville puts its hands inside the puppet head of Reagan's Amerika, scoops it out and tosses it at the audience in parodies of musical styles from Bob Dylan to Elvis Costello.

Irma Thomas's *The Way I Feel* (Rounder). Sultry and sinuous, the Soul Queen of New Orleans continues her comeback with this fine album; catch how she smokes Aretha on "Baby I Love You."

Rufus Thomas's *That Woman Is Poison* (Alligator). Welcome, swaggering comeback bid from one of Memphis's original soul men.

Richard Thompson's *Amnesia* (Capitol). Barbed, punning lyrics and bent guitar over ill-tempered medieval keyboards and a backbeat shatter political, romantic and musical preconceptions.

Yomo Toro's *Funky Jibaro* (Antilles). A rotund man wields the four-stringed cuatro at the edge of abandon as his band hammers out easygoing but relentless rhythms from Puerto Rico's hill country and a female singer soars.

Peter Tosh's *The Toughest* (Capitol/EMI). The greatest-hits package: his raw, defiant swagger and inspired touches—his reworked "Johnny B. Goode" is a minor masterpiece—deserves attention.

Tom Waits's *Big Time* (Island). The modal blues of Willie Dixon meets the *Realpolitik* cabaret of Kurt Weill and explodes into the late twentieth century.

Was (Not Was): *What Up, Dog?* (Chrysalis). Funny and funky at once, able to cover Otis Redding down to the last got-to-got-to-got-to or go disco in their inimitably skewed way while scouring out your preconceptions.

The Complete Dinah Washington on Mercury (Mercury). This multi-CD set traces from 1946 to 1956, when she began to use her cutting nasal tone and deflating sense of wit to forge r&b into a subtle and sardonic commentary on life.

Hank Williams (Polydor). This multi-record set thoroughly outlines Nashville's favorite outcast's career; start anywhere to learn how he redefined the American song.

Lucinda Williams (Rough Trade). Her voice cracks and peels like Billie Holiday's, but she sings country and blues with a rock and roll beat; her cover of Howlin' Wolf's "I Asked for Water (She Gave Me Gasoline)" is classic in itself.

Marion Williams's *Born to Sing the Gospel* (Spiritfeel). If illness has hobbled her body and the voice doesn't always zoom into the stratosphere as it used to, her swooping falsetto can still put away most of the competition.

Cassandra Wilson's *Blue Skies* (PolyGram). This velveteen-voiced songstress, whose attack resonates with hints of Betty Carter and Abbey Lincoln and Ella, of course, here dismantles standards to reweave them in her own image.

John Zorn's *News for Lulu* (hat Art). With co-conspirators guitarist Bill Frisell and trombonist George Lewis, altoist Zorn explores neglected hard-bop classics with command and aplomb. □

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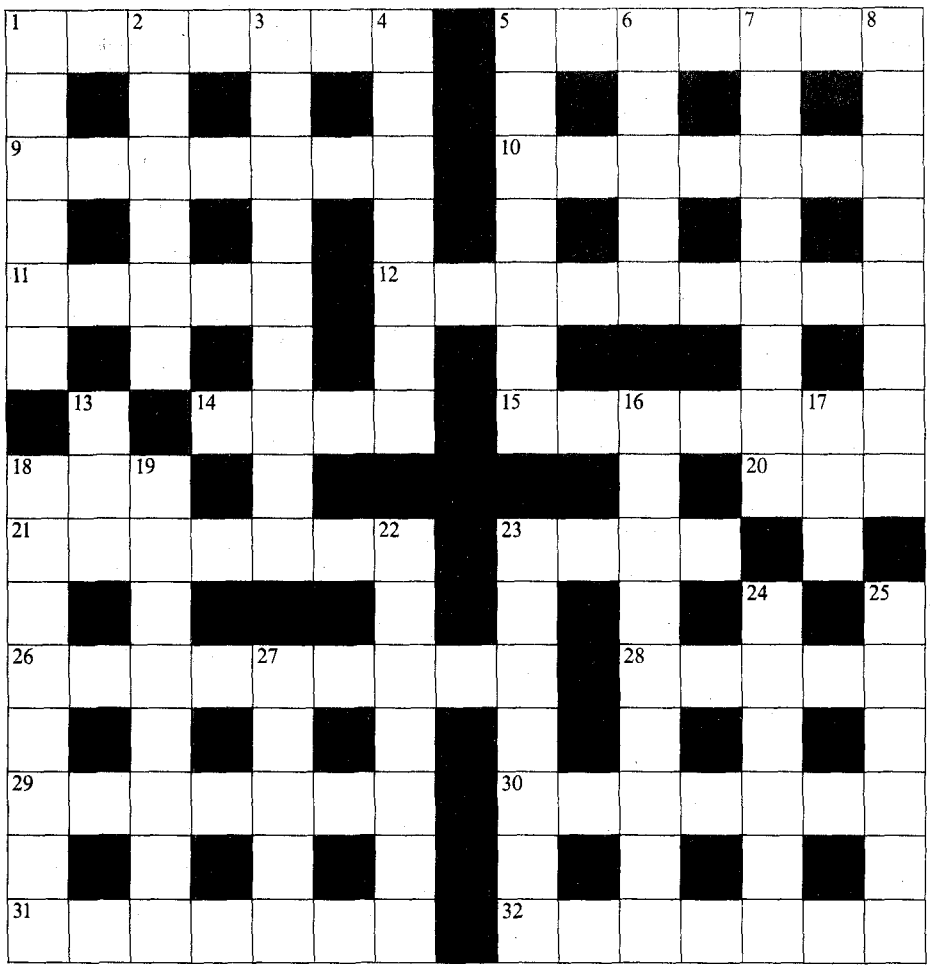

ACROSS

1 and 5 His stopping was evidently only about 33⅓ percent effective. (7,7)
9 Not so nice when it's near, in a way. (7)
10 Such products are usually cheaper, which could be cheering without getting half started. (7)
11 She was told to get her arm set to the accompaniment of song. (5)
12 Imagine what the batter hits! (Many dress up for one.) (5,4)
14 The right type—right in what's used in some play. (4)
15 Would such places have scared a poor shopper in them? (7)
18 A good place for a drive, of course! (3)
20 and 13 down Undoubtedly very agreeable persons might have seen my possibilities! (3,3)
21 What they might have done to let loose the dogs of war? (7)
23 One of the 13 down commonly on hand, perhaps. (4)
26 It's a bad thing on a suit, perhaps, but a screwdriver would not be out of place here. (9)
28 Just about fifty, blond—a natural talent! (5)
29 Believes tigers to have a trace no longer present? (7)
30 His three sisters, properly, appeared on the stage. (7)
31 Puts down John Hancock more than once, and gives up the game. (7)
32 How the scholar of nursery rhymes used to come. (7)

DOWN

1 and 18 What the businessman might be concerned with, the field may also get. (6,8)
2 One hears it is what one might do with someone's loan, but it's an important ratio. (6)
3 He made a famous literary accusation. (5,4)
4 The split in your old form, such as those with a saving grace? (7)
5 The game is ruined, with a sort of tan color. (7)
6 It wouldn't take much to make the tall type angry! (5)
7 At the break of morn, Jackson perhaps—landing here. (8)
8 It suggests one hasn't had a bad automobile accident, but such a person can't be too careful! (8)
13 See 20 across
16 If you have it made, might you be driven by one? (9)
17 Perhaps the only sign of life as components of both 8 down and 32 across. (3)
18 See 1 down
19 Gray typical of them? (8)
22 One might use such engines on hills, according to one's assistants. (7)
23 A Chicago player (No. 99) takes on the French, making a little room for the rest. (7)
24 She was banished for refusing to appear before the king's guests, but little Virginia has this bad! (6)
25 16 down, perhaps, often employed on the 18 across. (6)
27 The object, possibly, of 26 without a 25? (5)

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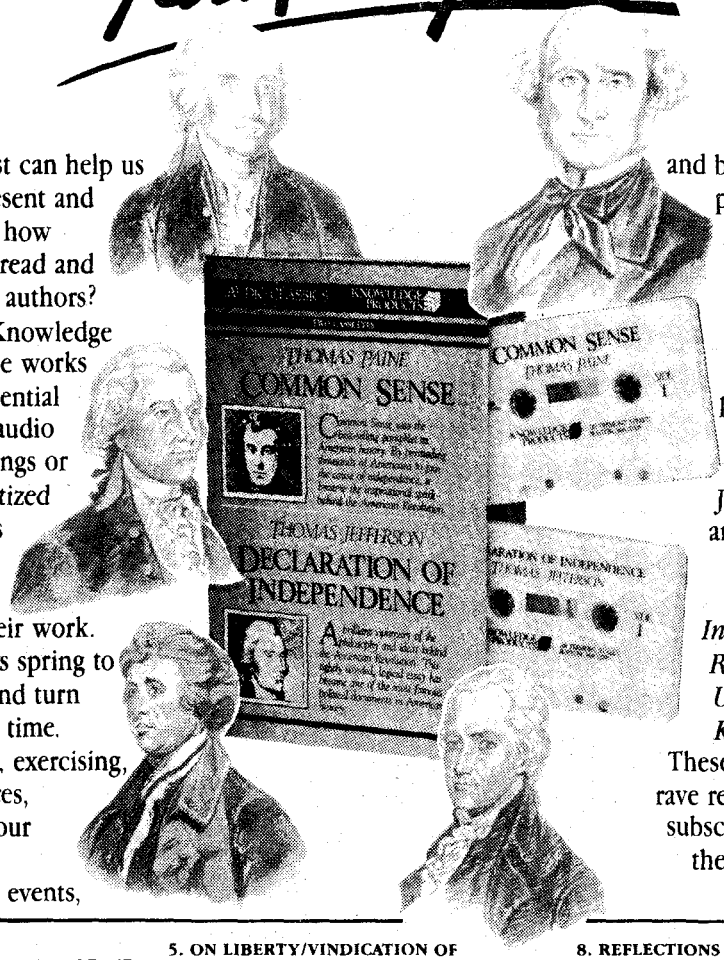

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